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JULY 28, 1964

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly by National Review, Inc., at 163 Pratt St., Meriden, Conn. (second class postage paid at Meriden, Conn.). © National Review, Inc. 1964. All manuscripts, letters, subscription orders, changes of address and undeliverable copies should be sent to:

EDITORIAL AND CIRCULATION OFFICES
National Review
150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016
Telephone ORegon 9-7330

RATES: $16.00 a year ($9.00 for the 36-page issues, and $7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

In This Issue . . .

➔ we celebrate. And please don't shake your head and start mumbling something like, "Not too bad for the training session, but keep your fingers crossed—the main bout's still ahead and look at those polls. . . ." Polls! We conservatives eat them for breakfast. *With* champagne. So read all about it as wired hot from convention floor to print shop by editor **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** . . . America's presiding novelist, **John Dos Passos,** was there, too, in body as in spirit, and here reports some of what he saw, heard and thought. Mr. Dos Passos is an aficionado of Presidential nomination conventions, every one of which he has attended as far back as the days when Barry Goldwater was knee-high to a javelina. In recent years his studies have been directed toward the past as well as the present of his country, and have issued in such books as *The Head and Heart of Thomas Jefferson, Mr. Wilson's War* and *The Men Who Made the Nation.* . . . *NR* publisher **William A. Rusher**—in San Francisco, too, last week, whence wild tigers could not have kept him—explains the "Lessons of the Nomination Drive." If you want to test his qualifications as teacher, turn back to *NR*'s issue of June 12, 1963, and read again Mr. Rusher's momentous article, "Crossroads for the GOP," wherein he mapped "the Southern strategy" that got the Goldwater drive moving. . . . "For the Record," too, comes direct from the Golden Gate.

➔ **Elspeth Huxley** writes another of her wonderfully informed and illuminating chronicles of tempestuously changing Africa. This time she explains, chiefly, the tormenting choice that confronts Southern Rhodesia, with disaster looming, it would seem, in every possible direction. . . . **James Burnham** tries to unravel a bit more of the meaning of the Sino-Soviet conflict by looking not at the words the disputants use but the deeds they perform in this and that part of the world. . . . And **Russell Kirk** comes up with a rare jewel he stumbled on: a commencement address, last month, that was fresh, intelligent and courageous.

➔ The book section begins with a review or, better, essay, by Professor **Hugh Kenner** concerning a book of "lesser satire, or greater journalism," by a critic—Leslie Fiedler, New Yorker turned Montanan—whom he hails as both wild and free—free, most particularly, of the fetters of the literary Establishment, and thereby able to help liberate the rest of us also. . . . Archduke **Otto von Habsburg** reviews another book that has broken from the Establishment: Gerald McKnight's iconoclastic volume on the puzzling case of Dr. Albert Schweitzer. . . . And doubling in the book section, Publisher Rusher has more to say on his favorite subject in recommending Edwin McDowell's perfectly timed *Barry Goldwater: Portrait of An Arizonan.* . . . **Ralph de Toledano** continues his lyrical analyses of jazz with the Duke.

➔ So, Messrs. Chairmen, we give you the next. . . .

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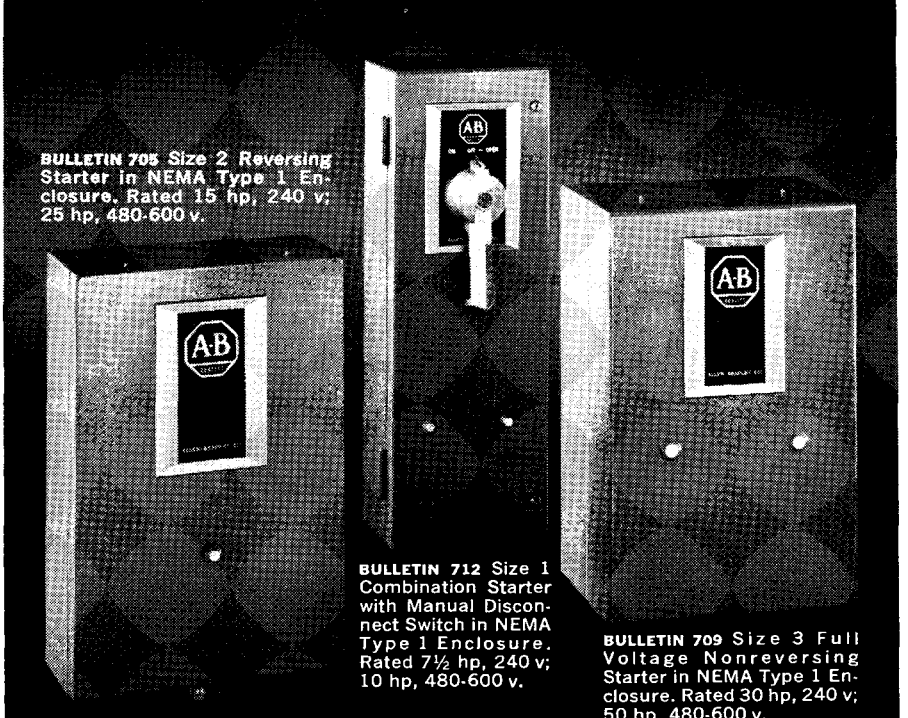
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To the Editor

A Goldwater Administration

The sensuous ideas in your latest issue [July 14] were just too much for my libido. A Goldwater Administration—Buckley writing for the *Times*, Burnham, taking over from Schlesinger, Kilpatrick replacing McGill, Adm. Burke Chairman of the Chiefs of Staff, and an end to the Bowleses, Bohlens, Rostows, Rusks, and "Republican" Secretaries of Defense. Pray tell: who for Secretary of State?

Great Neck, N.Y. RICHARD PETTY

Nominations are in order. —ED.

Borrowing (and slightly altering) a couple of lines from WBY for WFB & Co.:

The wind has bundled up the clouds
high over U.S.A.,
And thrown the thunder on the
stones for all that Barry can say.

Queens, N.Y. JOHN P. REGAN

And our eyes, our ancient, glittering eyes, are gay. —ED.

The Short Arm of the Law

In the June 30 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW I noted your news item in "For the Record" in which you state that a disabled California Negro clergyman, Rev. C. Fain Kyle, and his six children, were "kicked off local relief rolls when he made a speech for Goldwater. Rev. Kyle called it 'raw politics'."

This is prohibited by Section 598, Title 18, U.S. Code: "Coercion by Means of Relief Appropriations":

"Whoever uses any part of any appropriation made by Congress for work relief, or relief . . . for the purpose of interfering with, restraining, or coercing any individual in the exercise of his right to vote at any election, shall be fined not more than $1,000 or imprisoned not more than 1 year, or both."

Hartford, Conn. G. LESNICK

School Psychology

Re "Those School Psychological Tests" [June 30], Russell Kirk put it all very well, but left out an important detail, at least as far as we in central New York are concerned.

(Continued on p. 658)

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The WEEK

● Ain't we got fun.

● "Governor, there's a rumor that you did not personally push the button. Is that true?" "I'm glad I asked you to ask me that. Yes. I did not push the button myself. However, I take full responsibility for this. I was busy. I asked my staff to push the button, and they did . . ." "You say you authorized them to push the button?" "Well, it may have been pushed accidentally—I really can't say. I didn't see it pushed. I want to stress that I take full responsibility for this tragedy, even though I did not personally push the button. In fact, I considered the action rash, upon reflection. Quite rash. I am not so rash myself, but my staff was eager." "Did you realize the consequences of pushing the button, Governor?" "Yes, of course, I read the directions carefully. I said I was busy that day. Somebody may have hit it with his elbow. I'm damn sure I didn't push it. It wasn't pushed as I would have pushed it anyway. You know my style." "Thank you very much, Governor."

● It came to him the other night, just like that, in the course of a chat with Chet. How is it, asked Chet, that a minority of the Republican Party managed to take over the convention? Well, explained Dave, he supposed that it must be that the minority found out just who were the people in the various states who liked Barry Goldwater and then they managed to get those people elected as convention delegates. And that, my children, was how Brinkley's Law was born.

● Charles de Gaulle last week gave still another astounding confirmation of his absolute egotism and his absolute inability to comprehend the nature of the Communist enterprise. In his telegram of "sincere condolence" to Jean Thorez on the death, July 11, of his father, de Gaulle declared: "As far as I am concerned, I do not forget that in a period decisive for France, Maurice Thorez . . . contributed to the preservation of national unity in heeding my call [to Resistance] and as a member of my Government." Maurice Thorez—for thirty-four years chief of the French Communist Party—was all his political life notorious even throughout the world Communist movement itself for the abjectness of his servility to Moscow and to Moscow's prevailing leader. Thorez heeded "my call" only after the order came from Stalin—a year after de Gaulle sounded it in June 1940, Thorez having meanwhile remained as a traitor in Moscow while the Communist collaboration with Hitler continued; and Thorez became a member of "my Government" on order from the same master, for the same purpose of serving the goals not of France but of the Kremlin.

● The normal garrison in Cyprus, pursuant to treaty, includes 950 Greek troops and 650 Turkish. Add 6,000 UN "peace-keeping" troops and a Finnish UN mediator in Geneva. Add, slipped in during recent weeks, about 4,000 regular Greek troops and 1,000 Turkish. There's now an armed soldier, on one side or the other, for every ten adult men in Cyprus, and peace is, it would seem, further away than ever. In such situations results are obtained through the reality, not the illusion, of power. Cyprus is a problem for the West, specifically NATO, to handle. Any "solution" found by the UN must inevitably involve a repudiation of NATO's ability to maintain order in its own bailiwick. The reality, then, is a threat to the cohesion and flexibility of the NATO system, and the only genuine response is one by NATO directly. That is, if there still is such a thing.

● In the deliberate political purge concluded June 15, 337 prominent actors from the Goulart days—among them Goulart himself, former Presidents Janio Quadros and Juscelino Kubitschek, and an assortment of cabinet ministers and governors—have been "deprived of political rights" for ten years, and thus excluded from participation in the election set for October 1965. The Brazilians have reintroduced a classical political sanction (the Greeks called it "ostracism") here—rather like the referee sending a player to the bench for gouging. It wouldn't get by John Stuart Mill, but it strikes us as a cheerful improvement on shooting at sunrise. Kubitschek's complaints are unconvincing. Why didn't he complain when Goulart was engaged in driving his country to ruin?

● The United Auto Workers, back in 1955, rejected an offer by both Ford and General Motors to include union employees in the stock-purchase program (employee contributes up to 10 per cent of pay towards purchase of company stock, company chips in 50¢ for every $1 the employee puts up). Instead the UAW proposed, and got, a nickel-an-hour contribution by the companies towards a fund called Supplementary Unemployment Benefit. Now that the SUB kitty is close to the contract level, the companies may cease the nickel-an-hour contribution. The UAW would like that nickel to go into company stock for the union employees. The UAW, then, has not suffered a change of mind: it has rejected a stock-purchase program and proposed a stock-gift program.

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● Some 5,000 college and university educators, with assistance from the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, have petitioned the President "to work for a neutralized North and South Vietnam, as separate, federated or reunified states, protected by international guarantees and peace-keeping forces against all outside interference." The old gang was there to sign it—David Riesman, H. Stuart Hughes & Co.—along with some usually more circumspect publicists, such as Prof. Hans Morgenthau of Chicago University, a Machiavellian in his generalities and a Liberal mouse on specific issues, who explained that the Committee would settle for "a kind of Titoist Vietnam," perhaps led by Ho Chi Minh—the Communist leader of North Vietnam—were he willing to forgo intervention from either Red China or the U.S.

● Touching down in New York after his mission to Mississippi, J. Edgar Hoover told the press he thought things were no worse there than here, which is not precisely the kind of news that reporters go bellying up the ramp, in the rain, to get. Looking for a ritual denunciation of the South to stir into the weekend's bitter brew, copy editors got instead a short sharp lecture on the increase in crime and racial violence right in their own backyard, which they promptly buried. Hoover, incidentally, recently celebrated his fortieth anniversary as FBI chief to the acute displeasure of some of our better pot-and-kettle-keepers. The back of his hand to them, we say, and long may he flourish.

● Most delightful picture caption of the week, under a photograph of Goldwater in the British news magazine *Time & Tide*: "Sen. Goldwater: his first name is not really 'Stop.'"

The Candidate

Now we have a candidate. He won as a conservative should: going away in the stretch, after riding a clean, hard race that took on the whole field and left it strung out behind all the way back to where Harold Stassen was still stuck in the starting gate. Barry Goldwater measures up to specification: he reconfirmed, in this punishing campaign for the nomination, that he is no Sunday-go-to-meeting conservative, but a 24-hour, deepdown conservative inside and out, who does not haul down his flag when the fire gets hot; that his personality is as attractive and compelling to a mass public as to his friends; that even the combined resources of all his frantic opponents could not find any stain on his personal record; that he can control his temper and keep both his balance and his sense of humor in the face of prolonged, outrageous needling and provocation.

The candidate ran on his form and merits, but those individual qualities alone would not have brought him first to the finish line. No matter how good the horse, he doesn't get very far without the right trainers, handlers, vets and stable boys. Garlands, too, therefore, for Messrs. Kitchel, White, Kleindienst, Hess, Burch, yea, all of the staff that transformed itself from the rather awkward group of amateurs who staged that Grade C "Meet the Press" last January to the competent and confident professional cadre that took over the Cow Palace last week. And while we're handing out congratulations, we'll save some for ourselves: for us thousands and tens of thousands of citizens who have been forging year by year and block by block the resurgent conservative movement that in 1964 has got itself a Presidential candidate. That "Goldwater machine," that "steamroller" which Messrs. Scranton, Romney, Rockefeller and Javits and their attendant journalists and commentators felt rolling relentlessly over them out in San Francisco: that was manned not just by Barry Goldwater and his smoothly clicking technicians but by all of us right across the nation. There hasn't been anything like that steamroller in this country for a good long time. It has begun rolling, during the past decade, in every city, town and village. It's going to keep on rolling now, whatever happens to individual candidates and particular elections.

History performed with her usual appropriateness in selecting William Scranton as the final opponent. Governor Scranton was the perfect symbol—much more exact than Rockefeller, Nixon, Romney, even Lodge would have been—of what the Republican Party had decided to leave behind. It almost seemed that William Scranton was, in truth, *only* a symbol—that there was nothing real behind the appearance. Poor Bill Scranton just couldn't get operating. The ivy words came out, the Crusade was proclaimed, the troops were summoned, but nothing happened. And the words themselves were hopelessly jumbled: they were unable to express any principles, policies or program. There wasn't anything behind the words, which soon began to sound empty and fatuous. The Scranton crowd sensed this and felt disoriented and desperate, the words got nasty in a weak sort of way, and we had the grotesque episode of the Letter. The Scrantons have lost touch with what is going on in this country and this world and with the people who live here; and since they weren't willing to step aside voluntarily they had to be shoved.

This was a victory and a bright, big victory. We know and our readers know that Barry Goldwater now enters the runoff with the odds (at this moment) heavily against him. We'll be suitably solemn and instructive about that in the weeks to come. But for

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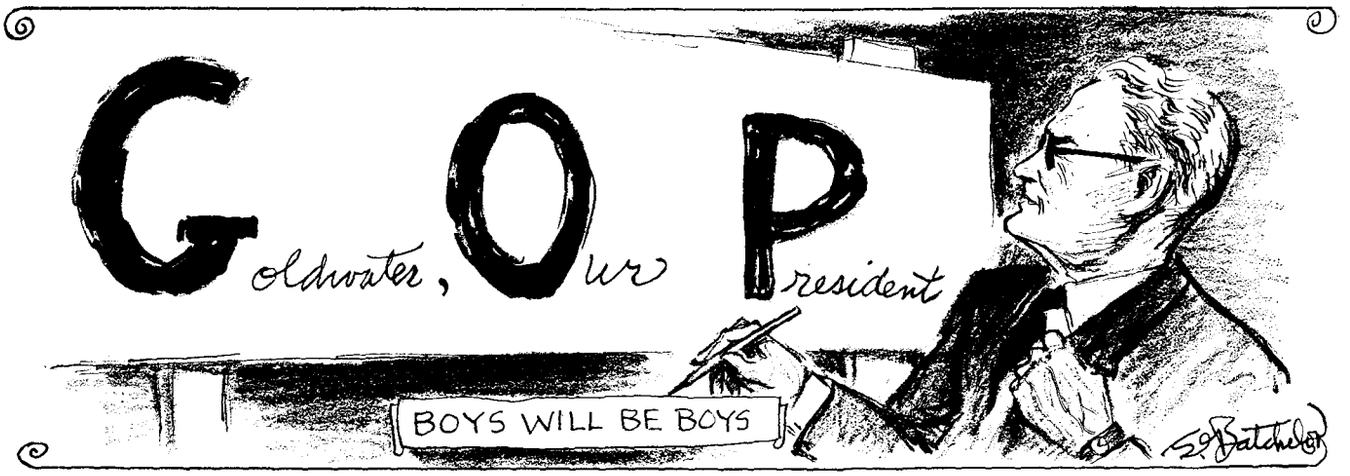

this issue we're just going to be happy. Here's mud in your eye!

The Platform

Let us say first of the Republican Platform that it amply—most amply—proves the mercy and wisdom of one Goldwater proposal: to adopt, this year, a straightforward 500-word statement of principles in place of one of these standard gigantic, patchwork monstrosities. By common understanding, granted, party Platforms in this country are not written to be read—except once, as a ritual ordeal through which the Convention delegates must pass in order to win the right to vote for the man of their choice—or to be referred to in the campaign or to influence the candidate. (FDR, you will remember, ran in 1932 on a Platform centered around the pledge of a balanced budget.) The Platform, as a general rule, is the fine print of the contract drawn up to hold together the diverse tendencies, groups, interests and individuals in the loose coalition that will conduct the electoral campaign under our two-party system. So interpreted, a Platform can reveal the structure and state of the power equilibrium as of convention time.

Judged clause by clause, there are good things, silly things and bad things in this 1964 model. The rhetoric about the American governmental and economic system is trite, but mostly sound. There is never any harm in repeating our belief in liberty as "man's most precious possession," in the rights and capacities of an individual "to advance his own economic well-being, to control the fruits of his efforts and to plan his own and his family's future," in the rejection of "appeasement and withdrawal," in resistance to "regimentation, conformity and submission to centralized power." The particular planks are a mixed lot. Some of them—like those on agriculture, poverty, education and housing—are too vague to mean much of anything. Others get criss-crossed: like the promise to lower the federal budget not less than 5 billion dollars, reduce all sorts of taxes, and not only balance it but make payments on the public debt, all the while giving out piles of federal monies to everything from medical care for the needy old to fancy new weapons systems. There are lots of planks, as always, that are obvious sops for this group or that: nice "positive" words for the UN, foreign aid and Social Security; a smile for "depletion allowances"; some of the old isolationist-protectionist phrases about protecting beef (Nebraska. . . .), textiles (the Carolinas. . . .), oil (Texas. . . .), lumber (Washington. . . .), fishing (Oregon, Maine. . . .) and this and that from wicked foreigners. The foreign policy and military sections are on the whole the clearest and best, and they do chart a coherent course away from appeasement and defeatism toward a hard-headed dynamic strategy. On the necessity for reciprocal advantages in return for concessions to the Communists, on the need for reliable inspection on any disarmament moves, on disallowing privileged sanctuaries, on a realistic program for Cuba, the Platform speaks with strength and authority. As for the civil rights statement, over which the fading Scrantonites tried to raise a lot of smoke, the Platform is entirely proper and sufficient: "Full implementation and faithful execution of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, and all other civil rights statutes."

Yes and No, then, taking the parts separately. But the Platform is better as a whole than in its parts. Seen as a whole, it makes sense, and has a political—even historical—unity. What it is saying is that the relationship of forces within the Republican Party is shifting dramatically. The Party's Left (Javits-Case-Scott-Lindsay-Carlino) is leaving the pilot house; and its responsible Right (Goldwater-Tower-Curtis-Laird-Rhodes) is taking over, with varying degrees of willing or pained collaboration from its moderate Center (Eisenhower, Nixon, Dirksen). This is the

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Focus on NOV. 3

◆ Grant, for the moment, a massive Negro opposition to the GOP this year. Does that mean equally massive Negro support of the Democratic ticket? Some shrewd observers are unwilling to make that leap in logic. They figure that a goodly number of Negroes will resent being treated as automatic Democrats, and abstain altogether; that others will abstain because the Democratic ticket will avoid making a strong pitch for their vote. And even the assumption is disputed: one political observer, who happens to be a Negro, calculates that the Goldwater ticket, though opposed by all leaders of big Negro organizations, may draw more rank and file Negro votes than GOP tickets in the recent past.

◆ The Democrats suffer their own form of creeping Scrantonism. Their analogue of the Stop Barry bit is the Stop Bobby (for Veep) crowd. With, it appears, equal success. Senator Mike Mansfield is on the bow wave of a subsonic boom this week. Last week it was AgriSec Orville Freeman. Senator Hubert Humphrey can have the Veep nomination, but at a price: he'll have to figure out how to dispose of AttyGen Kennedy, or the Kennedy name, or the Kennedy aura, or the Kennedy machine. All of which means that it's most probably a Johnson-Kennedy ticket. Two weeks ago Mr. Johnson was publicly mentioned as having been courteous to Mr. Kennedy. Q.E. almost D.

◆ Gov. George Wallace of Alabama shows no signs of withdrawing from his Presidential race. His forces are churning around in the Carolinas, Arkansas, Alabama of course, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi; and a legal look-see is being made in eight or ten other states preliminary to making a campaign. It's obvious that a Wallace on the ballot down South might cut into Goldwater support, but less obvious what the effect would be in the North. In Wisconsin, Indiana, and Maryland, for instance, the primary votes for Wallace included a husky portion of normally Democratic voters. In November the same might happen: so that the Wallace candidacy would presumably hurt the Democratic ticket, on balance, in the North.

◆ Democrats seem to think that two senate seats look like good pickings. One is at present the personal property of Kenneth Keating (R., N.Y.), who has loudly retreated so far from the Goldwater ticket that he runs the risk of disappearing from the ballot. New York Democrats are acting as if the senatorial nomination to oppose Keating has gotten more valuable in the last two weeks. On the inside track: Rep. Samuel Stratton. The other seat is the one just relinquished by Barry Goldwater. Its price in the political market can be judged by the number of bidders: to date, six Democrats have filed for their party's nomination there.

◆ Adlai Stevenson, the Democratic answer to Harold Stassen, has told his campaign managers that he's available as Vice Presidential candidate, New York senatorial candidate, a new cabinet spot, or whatever. The reply from Headquarters is reported to have been underwhelming.

---

equilibrium expressed in the words taken *en masse* (and a big mass they are!), and it presages a mighty shifting, in the years about to come, in the basic political equilibrium of the entire country.

It's no Conservative Manifesto for our time, this document. But Rep. Laird and his hard-working committee have turned out a Platform conservatives can live with. Not a small achievement, that.

Project White

San Francisco, July 14—You will see during the next period a gradual reconstruction of the Goldwater image by his critics, here and abroad. For a long period it was possible to dismiss the movement as composed of the underside of American life. Increasingly that has become difficult. And now, with the nomination of Senator Goldwater, something a little bit different, something a little bit more convincing, must be produced. The big lie is not ineffective, but it tends to wear down under attrition. Only for so long will the lady continue to believe that her neighbor next door, the one with the Goldwater bumper sticker, is a kook, a queer, a warmonger, a neurotic, a racist, and a misanthrope. With Goldwater stickers due to bust out all over, an alternative explanation is in order. San Francisco is buzzing with theses.

Who will come up with a good, modern, fashionable, persuasive, anti-Goldwater explanation?

We nominate Mr. Theodore White, the excellent journalist and devoted Liberal who wrote the best-selling book about the making of the Presidency of John F. Kennedy. Mr. White, thinking perhaps to repeat his journalistic triumph, closely followed the doings of William Scranton, in the course of which he spent many hours studying Scranton's adversary and his movements—just as, to qualify as an expert on Kennedy, Mr. White found it necessary to become an expert on Nixon.

Apparently Mr. White began by believing that the Goldwater movement was composed of a bunch of kooks plus one or two eccentric intellectuals, a bunch of disgruntled businessmen, etc., etc. Now, in the wake of Senator Goldwater's nomination and the unmaking of Mr. Scranton's Presidency, Mr. White is playing with a sterner and more elaborate thesis.

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As we understand it, it goes something like this:

Far from being the bunch of kooky, amateur politicians one had imagined were running the Goldwater campaign, they have proved to be cold, ruthless professionals, who know exactly what they want and who, moreover, may just possibly even know how to get it. These are men who truly want to transform America, and they have in Goldwater a good-natured, slightly indolent, not altogether conscious front man who is excellent cover for their labyrinthine machinations. Here are men truly to be afraid of. They are not Birchites, or anything so politically vulgar or vulnerable. They are men who have so perfectly blended into the natural political scenery of the Republic that they have not become truly discernible; and now the Republicans find themselves on the brink of the discovery of a new and potent political animal, species fascisti: These are men who must not be laughed at, because they and their adherents are as pleasant and as normal-looking as the lady next door. But as you love your country, keep your eyes on them. . . .

We are slightly elaborating on the thesis, from delicate little seeds sewn in the mind in a casual conversation, but the extrapolations are straight as the trunk of a tree, we do believe. We rejoice at the reaction of Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce, who when the thesis was tried out on her remarked, "That's the way the kooky crumbles."

Indeed the kooky-theory has crumbled and, nature abhorring a vacuum, some other theory of how come the Republican Party is entering upon the present mania, is absolutely necessary to take its place. Absolutely necessary for so long, which one supposes will be forever, as Goldwater's critics refuse to examine the possibility that what the Goldwater people want is a fresh start in the twentieth century, a desire to rechart the destiny of this country so as to avoid engulfment by what Dwight Eisenhower characterized as creeping socialism; and free from the Communism characterized by Nikita Khrushchev as that condition which will prevail when our grandchildren are grown up. WFB JR.

No, No, A Thousand Times No

When Cornwallis lost at Yorktown he marched out with the band playing *The World Is Turned Upside Down.* That about summed up the feeling of most of the newsmen and commentators who covered the Miracle of San Francisco last week (what else is it but a miracle when a "minority fringe" of "kooks," "bigots" and "ultras" captures an entire convention and party without losing so much as a single Barry-button). Some of the press retreated in good order; the rest were close to panic.

James Reston, Joe Alsop and a host of others turned on the Liberal (and not so loyal) opposition. Said Reston: "The Liberals put on the biggest amateur show since Major Bowes." Syndicated columnist Warren Rogers confided that Governor Scranton had

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confided in him: "Neither Mary nor I has ever wanted to live in the White House." (Their wish, happily, is granted.) Sandor Vanocur (NBC) lamented from the floor of the convention that if NBC could find out that more delegates would vote for the civil rights amendment to the Platform than the extremist amendment why couldn't the Scranton-Lodge-Rockefeller forces. (Within minutes, the Scranton-Lodge-Rockefeller forces, taking NBC at its word, announced they would force the roll call vote on the former not the latter.)

The *New York Times* pronounced its funereal verdict Wednesday morning: "The Republican convention is traveling down its last mad mile toward nomination of Senator Goldwater for President." The *New York Post*, hardly notorious for its longtime admiration of Ike, confessed to its disappointment in the General. "This [the Tuesday night address] could have been Dwight D. Eisenhower's greatest moment. It could have been the moment when he summoned all the forces of decency and sanity in the Republican party for a last ditch fight. . . . The rest of the night was a succession of nightmares for the lost Liberal legions. The general had sounded the call for retreat. . . ." Someone had a kind word for Governor George Wallace of Alabama, it having just been announced that Wallace would not get out of the race this fall. . . . The *Tribune*'s tart-tongued Eugenia Sheppard who'd obviously been wanting to do this for a long, long time, took a gratuitous bash at Mary ("I'm Mary, Bill's wife") Scranton. Mrs. Scranton looks, said Miss Sheppard, like a typical Main Line do-gooder, "leggy, athletic and plain."

Others—less doctrinaire or more honest—said what was long clear to the television viewers who could not help but be impressed by the neatly dressed, well-behaved mass of delegates on the floor of the convention, namely that these were not wild-eyed extremists. Hearst's Frank Coniff, having taken a good look, concluded: "They [the delegates] are anything but hot-eyed in their zeal for Barry. Their logic may be faulted, but their sincerity was apparent. They are just folks, like, say, Joe Alsop or Bill Buckley."

William S. White took the opportunity to score the Liberals in a thoughtful column after the Great Platform Fight. "This convention was an assembly going to Sen. Goldwater—but going to him without sign of struggle, since, quite simply, he had the votes. But as the hours and days went by without a single success for the Scrantonites in their effort to chip at Sen. Goldwater's great lead, they lost their patience, their temper, their poise and their heads. . . . The 'modern' Republicans, who for more than two decades had had their way over the Old Guardists, now began to show that while they could dish it out, they surely could not take it."

The Rebirth of News

"Those who misjudged the Goldwater momentum," wrote syndicated columnist Roscoe Drummond on July 13, "and the undercurrent of support which was running with him, and those who were laggard in the race have only themselves to blame"—and at that point our ears perked up. Decades from now we may remember this week as the beginning of a New Era of News, as the break through the almost universal front put up by what we have been calling, from the first, and not quite half in jest, the "Liberal Establishment."

Even as recently as a year ago, a speech by Senator Goldwater was likely to be reported, if at all, somewhere amongst the obituaries, or perhaps in the section of the paper devoted to establishing the sailing times of ships in port. The Establishment was, and is, powerful enough to quash a mere senator, but a Presidential candidate runs to a different order of magnitude. To deny him a fair spot in the press would be to deny that there is a press at all. All of a sudden, the newspapers are going to be a lot more fun to read.

The Establishment will remain in charge, of course: hands that have held the reins for thirty years don't atrophy overnight. The point is that Goldwater, conservatism, and whatever this all means in terms of fact and opinion not conforming to the Liberal dogmatism, have become 1) too big to ignore, and 2) interesting enough to be "good copy," the political predilections of the city desk to the contrary notwithstanding.

The very fact of a Goldwater candidacy opens up columns of press pages for news heretofore considered unfit to print. Journalists who have worked, until now, within the limits of accepted orthodoxy, out of a prudent regard for the necessity to feed their families and provide for their retirement, will be able to cruise over new, unworked territory now, and still eat.

Before this year is out, if we read the signs aright, the Establishment press may go so far as to rewrite the Authorized Version of the death of Diem, or summarize the delinquencies of the UN in the Congo these four years, or go tippy-toe up to the very brink of that slimy swamp named Bobby Baker, or take as much interest in the violence practiced in labor disputes as it does in the violence recently perpetrated in racial disputes.

News—the straight recording of contemporary thought and act—is about to be reborn. If it turns up the lusty fellow it was in the past, newspapers will not only be fun to read, they'll be bought by more readers, they'll attract more and better writers, and they'll (shh . . .) make (psst! shhh . . .) more money.

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Terrorists at Work

Buenos Aires

From the beginning there had been unusual tension in the hall. The meeting had been called by the CGT (the Argentinian labor organization) in Rosario, one of the most important cities in the nation. The purpose of the meeting was to approve a CGT "battle plan," but that could hardly have been the cause of the tension. For days people had talked of nothing else. About an hour and a half after the start of the meeting people began to move, to divide up as if they were taking up predetermined positions. Suddenly it happened. "Tacuara, Tacuara!" came the yell from various quarters, and there was a wild exchange of shots. People threw themselves to the floor if they could, and then looked for a safe exit. The shooting lasted only two minutes, but three men lay dead and seven wounded. Most of them were Tacuara members or Peronists, but there was one Communist and one official guard among the wounded.

The police are not yet sure what happened. It is certain that the Tacuara came to the meeting armed, and determined to shoot. But since the dead came from their own ranks, as did most of the wounded, it would appear that their enemies, above all the Communists, had been warned. They reacted with such lightning speed at the first sign of trouble that the aggressors were taken completely by surprise and came off second best.

The Tacuara, whose activists are mostly youngsters, is an ultranationalistic organization of what amounts to Argentinian Nazis. In their semi-military training, in their mode of greeting, their uniform, their insignia, their behavior, and their battle tactics, they imitate Hitler's minions. Their ruthless reaction to the union meeting bloodshed, in which they ended up to their surprise as victims, had all the earmarks of early Nazi tactics.

Three days later, as two attorneys left the court house in Rosario and got into a car, a man sprang up beside the car, aimed a revolver at them, pumped it empty, threw it away and fled. When the police caught him, he turned out to be the father-in-law of one of the men killed at the union meeting. The two attorneys are legal counsel to the Communist Party. They were seriously wounded.

This act of vengeance did not end the vendetta. Two days later the doorbell rang at the Alterman home in Buenos Aires. Mr. Alterman opened the door. It was a postman with a telegram for his son. The son was called, the postman handed him the telegram at the same time as a young man who had accompanied the postman opened fire with four shots. Raúl Alterman, 32, fell dead to the floor, with bullets in his head and heart, and the two murderers vanished. The telegram said: "Bertoglio, Giardina, Militello. Fallen at Rosario. Tacuara." Those were the three who died at the union meeting. But young Alterman had had nothing to do with the events in far-off Rosario; he had been selected simply "in revenge." Tacuara hated him for three reasons: he was a member of the Frondizi party, he was a Jew, and he was sympathetic to Communism.

Violence is becoming a way of life in Argentina. Reports such as the following from *Agence France Presse* are not uncommon.

"Buenos Aires, June 11 (AFP). Several terrorists act occurred in Argentina on Wednesday [June 10]. In Buenos Aires two bombs exploded, one of them in front of the regional leader of the Communist Party, Marianetti. In Bahia Blanca, there was an attack on the local office of the party of General Aramburu. In Rosario there were bomb attacks against the premises of two labor unions which have not joined in the 'Battle Plan' of the CGT."

And Castro too, is at work. Less than 48 hours after the Alterman incident, police discovered a Castro-Communist training camp near Cordóba, where youngsters engaged in guerrilla training. Vast quantities of arms, ammunition, and propaganda material were found.

What would at first appear to be strange is that this violence is directed against a regime that has looked kindly on the very groups which are now up in arms—the ultra-nationalists, the Communists, the labor unions above all. These same factions had committed acts of violence in earlier years; it's part of the national political style. But the excuse had always been that the violence was in reaction against suppressions of one sort or another.

Now, by contrast, Argentina has a president whose tolerance is notable. He has, for instance, done nothing to counter the dangerous "battle plan" of the CGT even though the unions were talking in March of taking physical possession of factories and plants. President Frondizi, in his day, had started out by giving free rein to all factions. But before long there was such a rash of terrorist attacks, sabotage and other violence that the military had had its hands full just damping down the fires.

Will the same thing happen under the well-meaning President Illia who in his political naiveté appears to have learned nothing from the experience of his predecessor? The answer is all too probably yes.

R. PETER

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Look Who's Here Again

"A Hero's Welcome!" "A Triumphant Day!" "The broad grin of a winner. . . ." "The welcome given him ranged from friendly to jubilant." "A crowd rushed toward him shouting 'Save the Congo!', 'Liberate us!' and 'Brother! Brother!' " So sang the news dispatches from Léopoldville as Moise Kapenda Tshombe returned to Congolese soil, three days before the last contingent of UN troops left it. Under the circumstances no one will begrudge him, surely, that "broad grin." "Such," sighed the *New York Herald Tribune* in one of those fresh and brilliant *mots* for which its editorials are becoming famous in avant garde circles, "is the irony of history."

It looks as if some may have to start grinning out of the other side of their mouths soon, as Tshombe, that "clown" (UN Secretary General U Thant talking, Helsinki, July 20, 1962), takes the Congo helm and is shifted to the Good Guys. It seems like only yesterday—in fact, it wasn't so much longer ago than yesterday—when Moise Tshombe was right up at the top of the Public Enemy list. "It is extremely revealing," as Carl T. Rowan explained, "to look at the support for Tshombe and his policy of secession. In the United States we have a conglomeration of arch-conservatives: people who oppose the income tax; avowed defenders of racial segregation; opponents of fluoridation; those who want to destroy the Supreme Court, largely because of its ruling on school segregation, and so forth." Who is Carl Rowan, did you ask? Why, Carl Rowan is your voice and mine, fellow citizens, the Voice of America in sum, by order of President Lyndon Johnson, who appointed him last January to replace Edward R. Murrow as chief of the United States Information Agency. What was that again you were saying about Moise Tshombe, Mr. Rowan?

We don't pretend to understand the African way very well, and we're not going to try to predict what will happen to M. Tshombe in the months ahead. If he followed Western strategic principles, he probably would have dropped down to his own Katanga for a while, now that it has been liberated from the UN, to reconsolidate his authority there and give himself a firm political base from which to extend his operation on a Congo-wide scale. He may be rashly jumping a few stages by trying to consolidate, without preparation, a new national regime incorporating all present tendencies from Maoist to Union Minière; and if so, he may very well lose his balance.

But we'll hope in any case he's not a man to nourish hard feelings against his former enemies over deeds caused by past misunderstandings—bombing his cities, killing his people, smashing their homes and factories, jailing his friends, running him out of his country, that sort of thing. After all, spilt milk and so on. The next year he can get his honorary degree at Harvard University—*if*, that is to say, the State Department will reverse that 1962 ruling and give him a visa.

European Cold War

Recent developments foreshadow a grievous time for the dream of European unity, whether in Gaullist, federalist, or "Western Alliance" terms. Economically, the weakening of the Italian monetary system threatens the Common Market (and, on the secondary shock, the United States as well); yet no cure has been found save the infusion of more loans to Rome. Robert Marjolin, a socialist member of the Common Market Commission, traveled to Rome to try to persuade Italy to adopt sensible monetary policies, but in vain (what, then, is the influence of the Brussels HQ?). France, Holland, and Belgium would welcome a German upvaluation of the mark, but German statesmen say, "Why should we have to do penance for the monetary and financial follies of Italy?"

Politically, internal tensions are visible when the Benelux countries, moved by their misgivings concerning the Franco-German accord, turn towards Britain. And Yugoslavia's bid for associate membership in the Common Market raises political problems of the first order, because not all of the member nations have diplomatic relations with Yugoslavia. To what extent is political comradeship a prerequisite for membership?

Militarily, the considerable overlap of NATO nations and the members of the Common Market produces sympathetic tensions in the Common Market concerning the multilateral nuclear force, the Gaullist plan for independent nuclear force, the West German need for substantial military backing in case of attack from the East . . . .

The realities of the present suggest that the hopes for European unity and the wider pan-Western Community that might be built upon that unity, which beckoned so brightly when the Common Market came into being, are still far from actuality.

C h a-a-a r g e !

Cabot in front of him,
Scranton in back of him,
Rocky to left of him,
  Ike in the middle.
Stormed at with pen and ink,
Labeled "impulsive fink"—
Who ended down the drink?
  Hi diddle diddle!

W. H. von Dreele

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Special Report

The Battle of San Francisco

JOHN DOS PASSOS

San Francisco

Political conventions are as traditional as the circus. One of San Francisco's charms is that it is the most traditional of American cities. The perfect place for a convention. In the alternation of sun and mist, in the wild wind off the western ocean, the skyscrapers of universal megalopolis shine in a special light. The upthrust of the stubborn hills has forced groupings and intervals. The other building shows odd little decorative details you don't see anywhere else. Among the crowds on the streets there are faces you wouldn't see in New York or Chicago, oldtimer faces, prospectors' faces, cowpunchers' faces with eyes narrowed to count cattle on distant plains. People have a pleased look. Their frank enjoyment of the show is contagious.

All the young people are trotting about, old dowagers have crept out from under the pavings of Nob Hill. "I can't wait to see who it is," mutters an old lady in a porkpie hat as she stands breathless on tiptoe in the throng outside the St. Francis Hotel watching some much televised profile pass through the whir of cameras and the flicker of flashbulbs out of an automobile and up the steps into the slogan-infected lobby.

Trends and portents emerge from the cheerful confusion of the streets. On Sunday civil rights marchers filled nine blocks of Market Street. The scattered citizens along the sidewalks watched them in a strange silence. At first it was a straggle of well-intentioned, middleclass people shuffling along after a sound truck playing *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*. Then came the longhairs, the beards, the characters. The placards said a great deal more about stopping Barry Goldwater than they did about equal rights.

Next came the blue banners of Harry Bridges' Longshoremen, and then rank on rank of young activists, clapping, shouting slogans, flourishing impromptu placards, singing in key, walking in step with long elastic strides. The parade becomes electric. There is force here. Disciplined and directed force. After forty years Lenin's revolution still has the militance and power to command so many of the gripes and frustrations of the world.

But the eager Commies aren't the only activists on the streets. The Young Americans for Freedom are something new on the political scene. Wherever there is a chance their candidate might appear, whenever some personality they approve of arrives, the YAF turns out in swarms. They wear Goldwater hats, Goldwater shirts and sweatshirts, badges the size of dinner plates. They have bands, bunting, guitar players, little crackers that go pop and send off a shower of colored streamers. They are cheerful, they are tireless, their "We Want Barry" placards bounce up and down, they never heard of frustration.

(Fascists, Hitler Youth, the Liberal journalists whisper behind their hands.)

In the hotels the journalists, counting radio, TV and the skillful busy bands of technical people who set up the machinery, outnumber the delegates. There are four thousand or more representatives of mass communications describing the behavior of a couple of thousand delegates and alternates. The stage managers outnumber the actors two to one.

The main arenas are the Mark Hopkins and the Fairmont up on the hill and the St. Francis and the Hilton downtown. On upper floors in suites behind closed doors the struggle goes on between the old and the new in the Republican Party. The stage managers of press and radio want things to go on the way they have been, routinely, for twenty years. But the direction of the play seems to be slipping out of their hands. The actors are making up their own speeches.

Starting with the Young Americans for Freedom, many of whom are too young to vote, moving through the state delegations, made up often of small businessmen new to politics, a different cast is taking over. Somehow the old machine, operated from the Eastern Seaboard, the machine that so deftly destroyed Robert A. Taft, has lost its power. Caught in a sort of nightmare horror, the Liberal journalists see the comfortable certainties they helped construct crumbling all around them.

There are times when the struggle surfaces so that even an outsider can see. The actors appear. There was Governor Scranton's press conference. Governor Scranton is a pleasant appearing gentleman, with an attractive wife who is quite skillful at answering questions tartly for the television viewers. He has been chosen for his agreeable qualities to lead the forlorn Grand Old Party.

After Rockefeller failed, after Romney didn't quite catch fire, all the hopes of the Liberal battalions focused on the Governor of Pennsylvania. His interlocutors are friendly. Their questions are all loaded to go off in the right direction. The Governor smilingly makes the perfect answers that would have sounded so right on the East Coast, but somehow here in San Francisco in 1964, they fall flat. The neat clichés no longer apply. Baal has always been so kind, but now when his priests call to him he answers not a word.

With General Eisenhower it is different. He steps up into the focused lights and cameras and microphones and says simply "I am Dwight Eisenhower, fire away."

For half an hour, with an air of gallantry and good health and good humor, he answers trick questions. He evades every trap set for him by the most skillful stage managers in the nation who are trying to beguile him into saying something damaging to Senator Goldwater. Eisenhower cheerfully refuses to have words put in his mouth on any subject whatsoever. He walks away from the crestfallen crew a gentleman very much to be respected.

The place to see Goldwater at his best was at the Masonic Temple addressing an audience of YAFs. He is a Mason and he dearly loves young people. He is entirely at home. His

(Continued on p. 648)

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Lessons of the Nomination Drive

They are simple, but important: A conservative can be nominated by the GOP; the press isn't all that strong; watch out for the polls, they can be loaded

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

Politics is a notoriously inexact science, and we must accordingly treasure any opportunity to test our theories in the crucible of practical experience. The 1964 Republican pre-convention campaign is over, and it is rich in lessons for those who would dice with destiny in the arena of American politics. Let us learn what we can—and remember.

First, let us be very clear what Goldwater's victory in the nomination race does *not* mean. It does *not* mean, necessarily, that serious conservatism (let alone the crackpot variety) is the choice of the American people as a whole. That is debatable—unless Goldwater should win in November. Realism requires us to acknowledge that Johnson is the favorite today. There is nothing surprising about this. The American voter has been subjected to 30 years of unremitting Liberal propaganda, most of it from the heights of power, and it is asking too much to expect that this will wash off in a single scrubbing. Whatever the outcome, the Goldwater campaign is an indispensable first step toward righting the dangerously distorted balance of American politics. Whether it alone will prove sufficient for the purpose remains to be seen.

Second, let us recognize in all candor that the Goldwater pre-convention campaign was not precisely free from the taint of error. In retrospect, it seems clear that Senator Goldwater made a near-fatal strategic blunder when he confused President Kennedy's fraternal advice against *declaring his candidacy* too soon with the quite different question of when to start *preparing his campaign*. There is almost no such thing as preparing too soon for a Presidential campaign. Nelson Rockefeller had been at it at least since 1959. Yet Goldwater, even while he became more and more intrigued with the idea of running, deferred not only his declaration of candidacy but most of the serious preparation for his campaign until January 3, 1964.

Fortunately the National Draft Goldwater Committee—and, even before it, the *ad hoc* committee quickly organized under New Yorker F. Clifton White in late 1961—had gone ahead without the Senator's approval, and much of the ultimately victorious combination of votes had already been put together when Goldwater finally tossed his hat into the ring. But nothing so cheerful can be said of the candidate's own personal preparation for the race. His appearance on "Meet The Press" on January 5 was alarming evidence that he had not schooled himself to answer smoothly, as a serious candidate must, the deadly questions a hostile press was prepared to fire at him. The whole New Hampshire primary campaign, culminating in Lodge's upset victory on March 10, became therefore not—as it should have been—the first triumph in a swelling series, but a sort of dismaying training-camp exercise for both the candidate and his staff, in which glaring weaknesses were revealed.

After Tactical Changes, Victory

But the Goldwater forces, and the Senator himself, proved at least that they were able to learn from their mistakes. Major tactical changes were instituted after New Hampshire. Goldwater belatedly learned the location of the principal pitfalls his foes had dug for him: Social Security, nuclear war, etc. Perhaps most important of all, it was decided to reduce the number of street-corner encounters (which reached a minimum of voters, while affording limitless opportunities to a hostile press for smears and distortions) and to increase to the financial limit the number of television appearances (which brought Goldwater directly into scores of thousands of homes, over the heads of the reporters). The result was California.

But when all due allowances have been made for errors by the Goldwater forces, the major lessons of the pre-convention campaign are still to be found elsewhere. They are historic and of general application, and they deserve to be set down here for the benefit of a forgetful future.

1. *There is nothing ontologically inconceivable about the nomination of a conservative by the Republican Party.* For a quarter of a century, without exception, every Republican nominee has been chosen from the Party's (relatively) Liberal wing. America's bipartisan Liberal movement had come to regard this agreeable treat as its due—and had accordingly reacted to Goldwater's nomination as though it were something totally outside the order of nature, like a sunrise in the west. The designation of Senator Goldwater proves that the Republican Party today is quite ready to nominate a conservative, provided he is personally attractive and willing to campaign hard. This encouraging datum should be burned into the brains of chronic pessimists—of whom conservatism seems to have more than its share.

2. *Money alone cannot buy a Republican Presidential nomination.* Obviously, if it could, Nelson Rockefeller would now be the nominee. For over five years he caromed tirelessly around the country in one or another of his family's private planes, hiring every worthwhile Republican politician whose services could be bought, and sorely tempting the rest. He even coupled this matchless financial advantage to a rather energetic campaign style, albeit of the old school ("Hiya, fella!")—and all to no avail. After the California primary, there

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were probably not a hundred delegates who could plausibly be called Rockefeller's own. His remarriage to Mrs. Murphy has been widely credited with destroying his appeal, but serious politicians know better. His "odds-on leadership" of the nomination race had become a myth by early 1963, and was effectively exploded by sober delegate counts before the end of April that year. He married Mrs. Murphy on May 4.

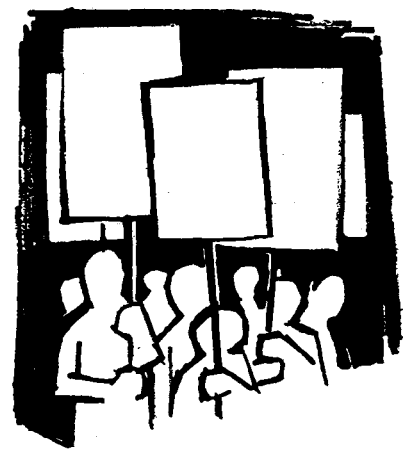
3. *Public opinion polls are not to be trusted.* This has been widely proclaimed for years, but we are not likely to see again soon such convincing evidence of the truth of the statement.

Polls & the Press

It is advisable to be a little cautious here: there is, after all, every reason why Messrs. Gallup, Harris, Lubell *et al.* should *want* to be right. Their error (and they were certainly in error) thus almost certainly lies not in any bias, but in the subtle influence on the voter of the *expected,* which naturally enough is often the result desired by an anti-conservative press. In December 1962, for example, Dr. Gallup solemly assured his readers that Governor Rockefeller was preferred over Senator Goldwater 42 per cent to 17 per cent among *Southern Republicans!*—a finding that even Mrs. Murphy must have found incredible. And the same sage was scoring Goldwater with the support of a mere 15 per cent of Republicans nationwide during the spring of 1964—while Goldwater was calmly amassing, in popular-vote primaries, a full half of all the votes cast.

Of Lou Harris, perhaps the less said the better. He grudgingly predicted Goldwater in New Hampshire—and it was Lodge; he hastily predicted Lodge in Oregon—and it was Rockefeller; he frantically predicted Rockefeller in California—and it was Goldwater. R.I.P.

Among pollsters, it is often said that Samuel Lubell fares best. He called (so they say) the shots in New Hampshire and Oregon, and was Least Wrong in California. But a study of Mr. Lubell's technique suggests that he is not really more accurate than his competitors; only more cautious. For one thing, unlike Goldwater and Harris, Lubell keeps his big mouf' shut about percentages and sticks to the comparatively safer territory of probable outcomes. For races involving three or more candidates (*e.g.,* New Hampshire and Oregon), he has a coony little formula which goes: "It is just barely possible that Candidate A tomorrow will score an upset over the odds-on favorite, Candidate B." This enables him to take a bow no matter who wins (except long-shot Candidate C). For two-horse races like California, he has a still chewier formula: "Candidate A must be conceded the overall edge, but (barring this, that and



the other) Candidate B must be given a fair chance of winning." In California, Goldwater was B.

The errors these pollsters and others like them make are probably exceeded only by the damage they do to the democratic process. In an increasingly other-directed society, a certain percentage of the electorate wants simply to be on the winning side; and these polls purport to tell the world which side that will be. Inevitably, therefore, they affect the result. Liberals are quick enough to see this and protest tearfully on those rare occasions when their own ox is gored (as when CBS' computer predicted a Goldwater victory in California 38 minutes before the polls closed in San Francisco); but what about all the preceding days in which the pollsters had confidently—and wrongly, and devastatingly — proclaimed Rockefeller ahead?

The only sensible response to such bushwah is to ignore it. Already the pollsters are predicting a blood-curdling defeat for Goldwater in November. Let us remember their ignorance, their ineptitude, their sublime wrongheadednesses in March, April and May, and not be dismayed.

4. *The press is a paper tiger.* Of all the perils a Goldwater candidacy had to overcome, the deadliest, in early 1963, seemed the implacable hostility of the American press. The virulent Liberalism of the vast majority of reporters was proof against even Goldwater's potent personal charm, and there seemed every reason to suppose that it was capable of destroying his chances altogether. That it did not work out quite that way tells us some encouraging and previously unsuspected things about the limitations on the power of a hostile press.

In the first place, the Liberal masterminds of the American press are a sluggish bunch, as such mighty dinosaurs are likely to be. Until September 1961, they had almost without exception simply ignored the steady growth of the conservative movement —a phenomenon which had been easily visible to any objective observer since at least 1959. In September 1961, however, President Kennedy made, in Seattle, a bitter public attack on the "ultra-right"—and within a week the slumbrous press was wide awake, gnashing its formidable teeth at the John Birch Society, publishing ugly cover stories on "the extremists," and doing elaborate TV close-ups of Billy James Hargis' jowls.

Rude Awakening

This whole campaign, however, rolled forward on the comfortable assumption that the new conservatism was a visitor from some alien planet —certainly not a movement that could seriously threaten Liberal control of the Republican Party. Nelson Rockefeller, the dinosaurs assured one another, was the "odds-on frontrunner" for the Republican nomination, and all talk of Barry Goldwater was simply a joke in poor taste.

It is likely that America's opinion-makers would have gone on muttering this somnolently forever, if the steady growth of Goldwater sentiment and the formidable logic of his so-called "Southern strategy" had not finally jarred them again about April 1963. Once more the dinosaurs thrashed—and once more fell back into their torpor, saved (so they secretly felt) by the November as-

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sassination of President Kennedy, which seemed likely to rob the "Southern strategy" of much of its force. Almost before Kennedy's body had returned to Washington, Scripps-Howard's ace political correspondent Jack Steele reported flatly that the Dallas tragedy had "destroyed" the Goldwater candidacy. On that reassuring note, the dinosaurs enjoyed a further four months' hibernation—only to be aroused again in April of this year by President Johnson's public warning that, according to his count, Senator Goldwater had or seemed likely to acquire some 632 of the 655 votes needed to win the Republican Presidential nomination. Now the Liberal press was fully alert, and this time for good. After a brief romance with the ephemeral Henry Cabot Lodge, it correctly concluded that everything depended on helping Rockefeller defeat Goldwater in the California primary. That was the fortnight that was.

But it didn't work. When all is said and done, that is the glory and the miracle of it: *it didn't work.* Moreover, in retrospect, one can see why it didn't. The campaign of the working press against Goldwater—not only in California, but everywhere—resolved itself into a series of petty distortions and cheapjack lies. Instead of the solid 24 delegates they "had been expecting" in state X, the Goldwater forces got "only eighteen"—and this was "a blow." The Senator urged a "more aggressive campaign in Vietnam" but "failed to say how he would bring this about." While "a smiling Governor Rockefeller, brimming with confidence" was addressing "an overflow crowd at the airport," an "irritable Senator Goldwater coldly refused to be interviewed." And so on. It is a tribute to the good sense of the voters in this year's Republican primaries that so few of them were moved by this sort of thing. As a matter of fact, it seems at least possible that a significant number of Californians were so disgusted by the performance of the press that they voted for Goldwater in protest. If so, there are additional grounds for hope, for early indications are for more of the same this summer and fall. Not the least of the advantages an American politician can have is the underdog-image, and this can apparently be conferred by a press that is too obviously biased.

5. *Conservatives are a timorous lot.* Thus far I have spoken of the weaknesses of our foes; now let me speak to conservatives of our own. To me personally, the deepest disappointment of the pre-convention campaign was the faint-heartedness of many conservatives who should have known better.

One of the main objects of negative propaganda is to demoralize and thus paralyze the opposition. Under heavy attack, the expectation is that volunteers will fall away, contributions dry up, enthusiasm wane. It seemed inconceivable that conservatives, who had been under ferocious attack for years, would forget this or fail to allow for it in evaluating the Goldwater pre-convention campaign. Yet many of them did. For example, the unreliability of public opinion polls is almost a truism in conservative circles; yet when they began to grind out their anti-Goldwater statistics as predictably as the swallows returning to Capistrano, too many of us accepted the figures uncritically and sank into a highly premature despair. Again: for years we have all complained knowingly of the distortions of the Liberal press; yet when the campaign was at its height, any ragged figment of a Liberal reporter's perverted imagination was swallowed by many conservatives as a Boswellian account of what Senator Goldwater had actually said or done—and was even put forward as a solid reason for ditching him altogether and switching to Nixon. Conservatives should be made of sterner stuff.

Governor Wallace, Be Reasonable!

With Lippmann apoplectic from
The frantic beating of his gum;
With Lib'rals at each others' throat,
For heaven's sake, don't rock the boat.

Since '32, I've waited for
The time to even up the score—
And now a candidate's afloat!
I wish you wouldn't rock the boat.

Go rock progressives on the Trib;
(Go get the Alsops when they fib!)
But don't dilute November's vote.
Don't—pretty please?—don't
rock the boat!

W. H. VON DREELE

Impact Here & Abroad

Consider, after all, where we are, and whence we have come. From the death of Robert A. Taft in 1953 to the launching of the National Draft Goldwater Committee almost ten years later, no effective conservative movement contested the bipartisan Liberal domination of the American political scene. In a little more than a year, the Goldwater drive has mobilized and organized conservatives in 50 states, captured the Republican Party, and fielded a candidate outspokenly dedicated to sound conservative principles. In the words of the American GI's who returned to Korea in 1950, "Hi Mac, we're back."

This is no small achievement. It is, in fact, the most drastic change on the American political scene in more than a quarter of a century, and its consequences will stretch far into the future. Moreover they will reach—are already reaching—far beyond the confines of the Republican Party: into the startled councils of the Johnson Administration, and even into the cautious chancelleries of scores of foreign governments, friendly and otherwise. For it is of the very essence of politics to make way for developments, and the upsurge of the conservative movement in this country is a development of the first rank. Win or lose in November, we are here to stay.

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (July 14)

F [rank] L. Kluckhohn

LYNDON'S LEGACY

If reducing our nuclear retaliatory "first strike" capability has hurt Communism; if the crumbling of our NATO alliance has hurt Communism; if the complete loss of our initiative in international affairs has hurt Communism—then Dean Rusk's policies have indeed hurt Communism.

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The Third World War

Nikita Khrushchev: Maoist

JAMES BURNHAM

We are told daily by the experts and commentators that the conflict between the Soviet Union and Red China is founded on an "ideological dispute" over "peaceful coexistence *vs.* revolutionary struggle." Suppose we ask the experts: how do you know that this is what the dispute is about? Can you prove it? Yes, they will reply, and they will produce hundreds of Soviet statements proclaiming peaceful coexistence and hundreds of matching Chinese statements denouncing peaceful coexistence and calling for revolutionary struggle.

What has actually been proved? Something, certainly, about what Soviet and Chinese Communists have frequently been writing and saying during the past few years. But some time has gone by since the advent of "the Sino-Soviet split." It is no longer necessary to rely exclusively on what the disputants *say* about themselves and about each other—a notoriously unreliable source of information in such situations. Let's forget, for a moment, what they say. What do they do? How do they act in test cases that have been coming up?

Take Zanzibar over the past several months as instance. Do we discover that Moscow has been urging the Zanzibaris toward peaceful coexistence and the gradualist solution of their problems, while Peking pushes them into violence and revolution? We do not. We find that Moscow and Peking were united in their support of the violent coup that overthrew Zanzibar's government; that revolutionaries trained some in Moscow, some in Peking and some in both, fought and now act alongside each other; that Moscow and Peking have both made large grants to the revolutionary government; that Moscow, Peking and Moscow's satellite, East Germany, have set up neighboring headquarters, have sent arms and agents, are jointly aiding the administration of the island's affairs and jointly training its revolutionary army; and that Moscow is handling the diplomatic and propaganda defense of revolutionary Zanzibar before world opinion.

Peace in the South Seas

How about Indonesia, then? Especially since Indonesia is off there in the Pacific world, no doubt it is China that spurs on Sukarno in his "crush Malaysia" adventure, while Russia soothes him, advises against military moves and suggests compromise? Not so you can notice it. China is all for Sukarno's crushing Malaysia, true enough, and so is the Soviet Union. And it is the Soviet Union, not China, that has supplied the bulk of the equipment of Sukarno's very substantial army, navy and air force. So that there could be no possible misunderstanding—except by the experts—Moscow sent Anastas Mikoyan a few weeks ago to assure Sukarno of the solidity of Soviet support of his revolutionary struggle: and it was precisely while Mikoyan was at hand that Sukarno broke off negotiations with Abdul Rahman and Macapagal and stepped up his military moves in Malaysian territory. This week a new treaty is being drawn up in Moscow providing still more arms for Indonesia.

Are things different, perhaps, in Yemen? There a revolutionary struggle to complete the liquidation of the old royalist regime has been going on, with plenty of violence, for nearly two years. You don't find many Chinese traces in the Yemen revolution. But the Russians are prominently present, in person and through their artifacts. It is mostly Soviet planes and weapons that are used by the Egyptian troops who are the principal fighting force of the revolutionary government. It is Soviet engineers who are completing the big air base near Sana that will serve as staging point between the Soviet Union and Africa.

The Chinese have been loud in praise of the revolutionaries of Cuba, and have shipped in a few supplies and more agents. But their aid and support amounts to a drop alongside the Soviet bucket. From the Soviet Union have come thousands of soldiers, technicians and instructors, tanks, missiles, trucks, guns, planes and patrol boats; hundreds of shiploads of petroleum and machinery; hundreds of millions of dollars in credits; continuous political support in every medium and forum.

Angola? The revolutionary struggle against Portuguese rule has had identical political support from Peking and Moscow, from the beginning. As in most revolutionary situations, it is from the Soviet Union and her closest satellites that most of the practical aid has come, rather than from China, which after all has less to spare. One whole wing of the Angolan revolutionary movement (the Andrade group) is led by Soviet-trained operatives.

Can Everybody Be Wrong?

The evidence of what actually happens, of what Moscow and Peking actually do, is unambiguous. It does not prove that there is no Sino-Soviet conflict, but it demonstrates conclusively that this conflict is *not* in any significant sense an ideological dispute over peaceful coexistence *vs.* revolutionary struggle. That dispute is verbal only. "Peaceful coexistence," as Khrushchev applies it, means the same thing as "revolutionary struggle."

But is it possible that nine-tenths of the experts and commentators can be wrong? Yes, even so; and not for the first time. Were not nine-tenths and more than nine-tenths just as wrong about those Chinese agrarian reformers? Were not nine-tenths wrong just four months ago about Barry Goldwater's chance of winning the Republican nomination? The Joe Alsop who declared in March that "no serious Republican politician, even of the most Neanderthal type, any longer takes Goldwater seriously," is the same Joe Alsop who has told us five hundred times about the ideological dispute between Mao and Khrushchev.

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A KREUTTNER FESTIVAL

■ John Kreuttner is an engineer by profession. By inspiration he is a draftsman and a social critic. He contributed in the late thirties to the **New Yorker,** but he began to draw regularly in 1956 for **National Review.** He has a fanatical following, including all the editors of **National Review.** And one lady in Minneapolis founded an Ameline Twirg Society late in 1956, to commemorate one of John Kreuttner's captions: "My name is Ameline Twirg and I'm just crazy—about Ike, I mean, and I think our policy of Middle-of-the-Rhodesians, Dynamically Moderate yet Progressively Sideways What-is-it is excellent, and so do my parents who stuff bats, that's their hobby, you should see the house!"

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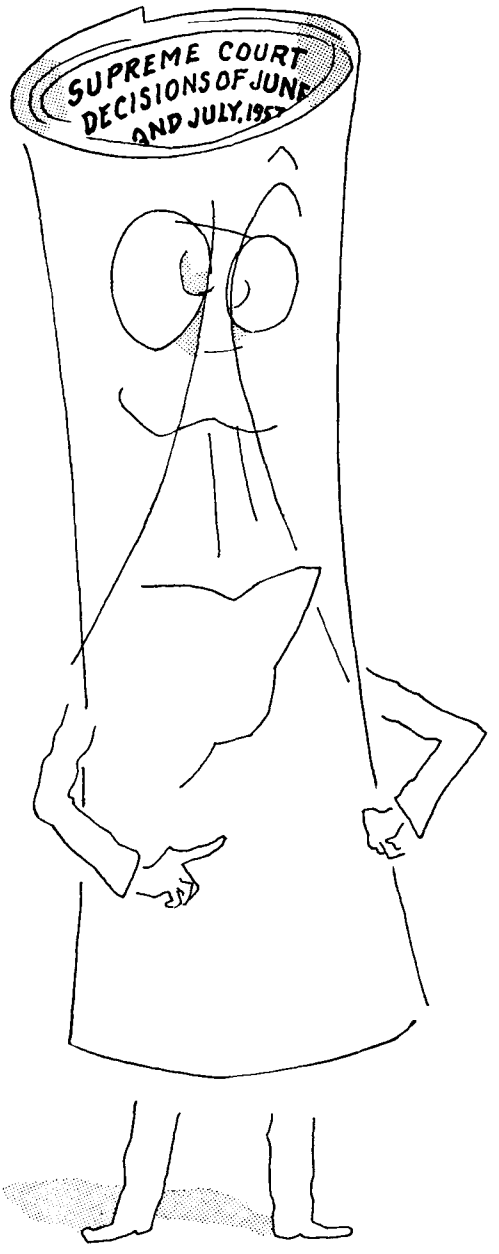
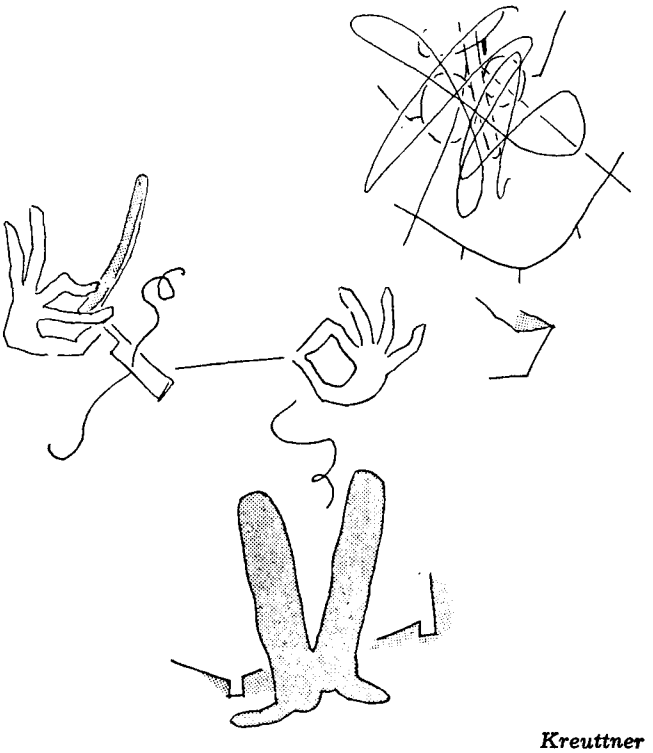


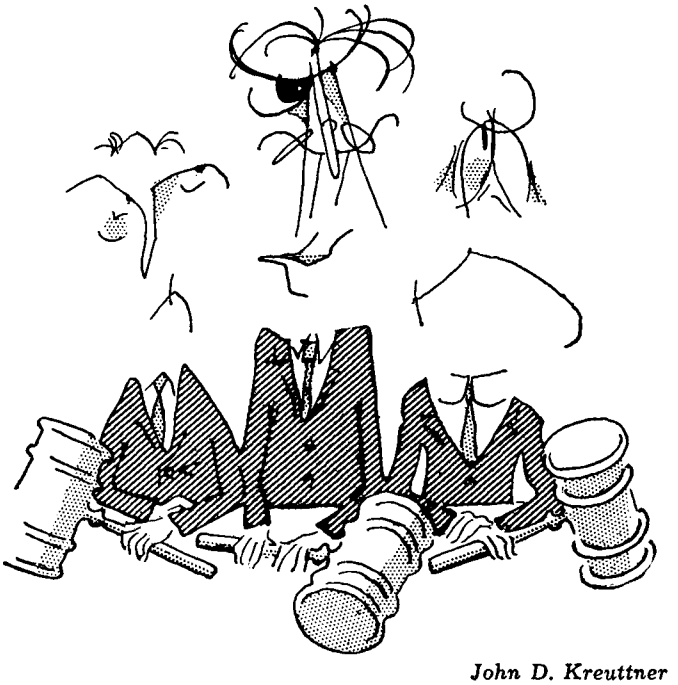
Kreuttner

"What we're <u>really</u> trying to tell you is that the Constitution (and these differences are subtle and sometimes difficult to grasp) is unconstitutional!"



Kreuttner

"Look at the decision on the Smith Act violators this way: Suppose *you* operated a well-established subversive group, then were suddenly hauled up in court and treated as though you had *just organized* that group!"



John D. Kreuttner

"We welcome Honest Dissent—providing that you conform to our ideas on nonconformity!"

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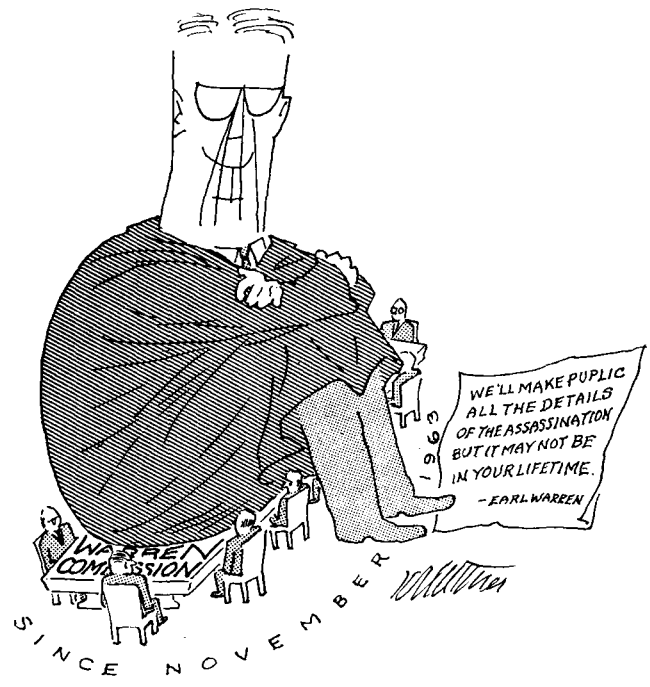
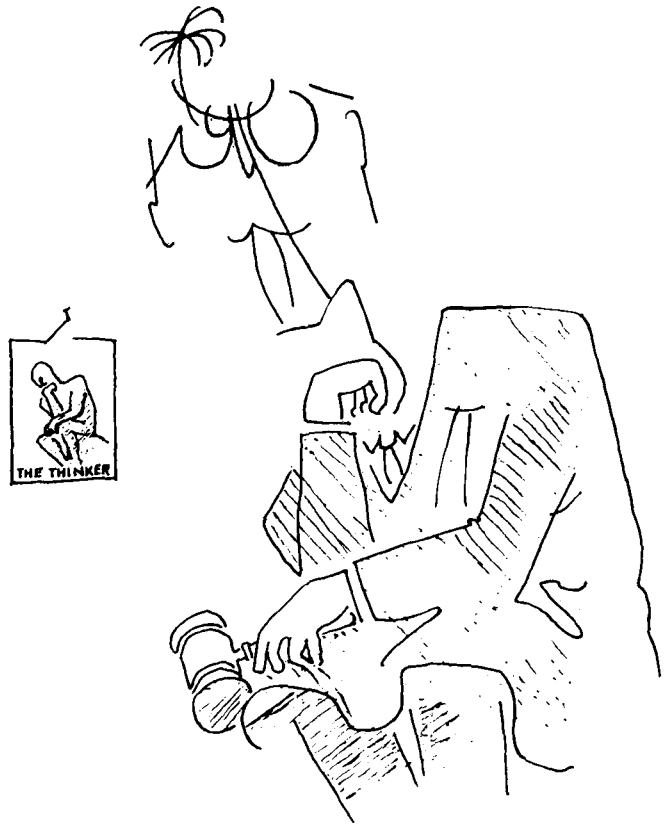
Kreuttner

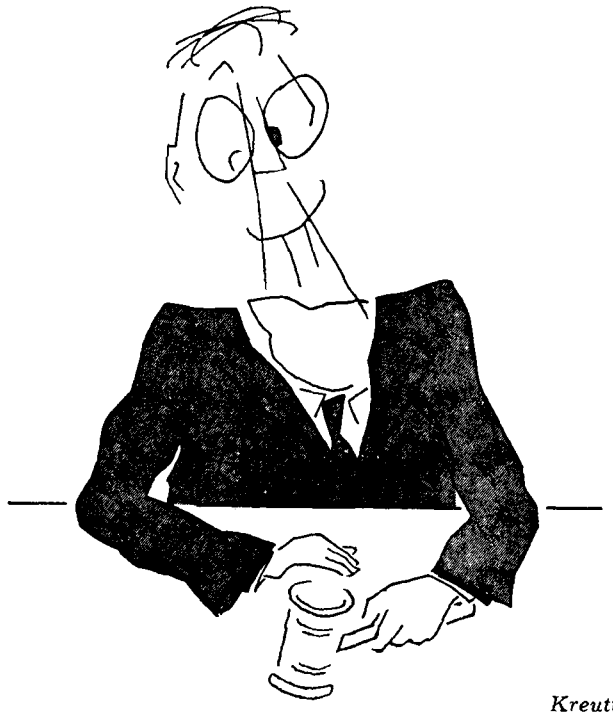
" — and now, at the request of some acquaintances we just met in an alley, our Rock 'n' Roll version of 'The Document'!"


WE'LL MAKE PUPLIC ALL THE DETAILS OF THE ASSASSINATION BUT IT MAY NOT BE IN YOUR LIFETIME.
-EARL WARREN
1963
WARREN COMMISSION
SINCE NOVEMBER

"You're confused. 'All deliberate speed' dealt with another matter entirely!"



"We have no evidence that John Marshall's Court would have acted in any way contrary to this Court, if that Court had been this Court."



Kreuttner

"All the lady said to the gentlemen passing her on the street was, 'Come up and see me some time!' She was merely Advocating an Abstract Doctrine. Case dismissed."

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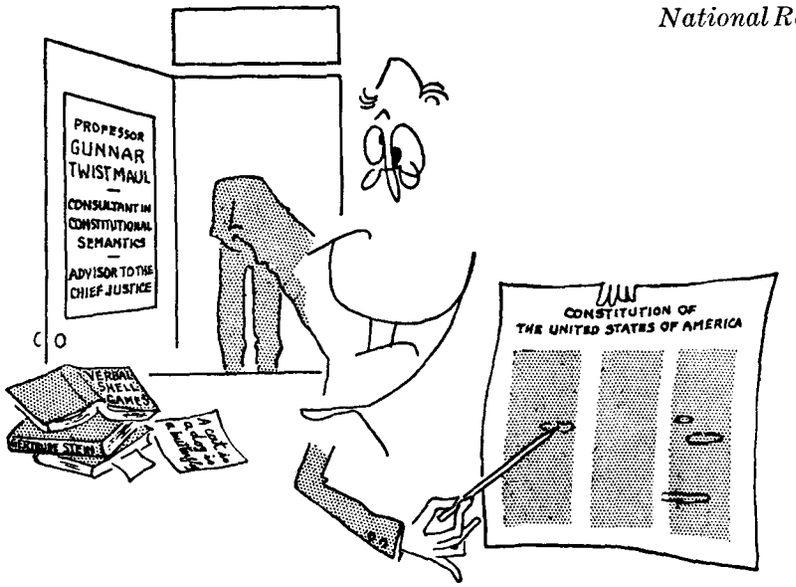
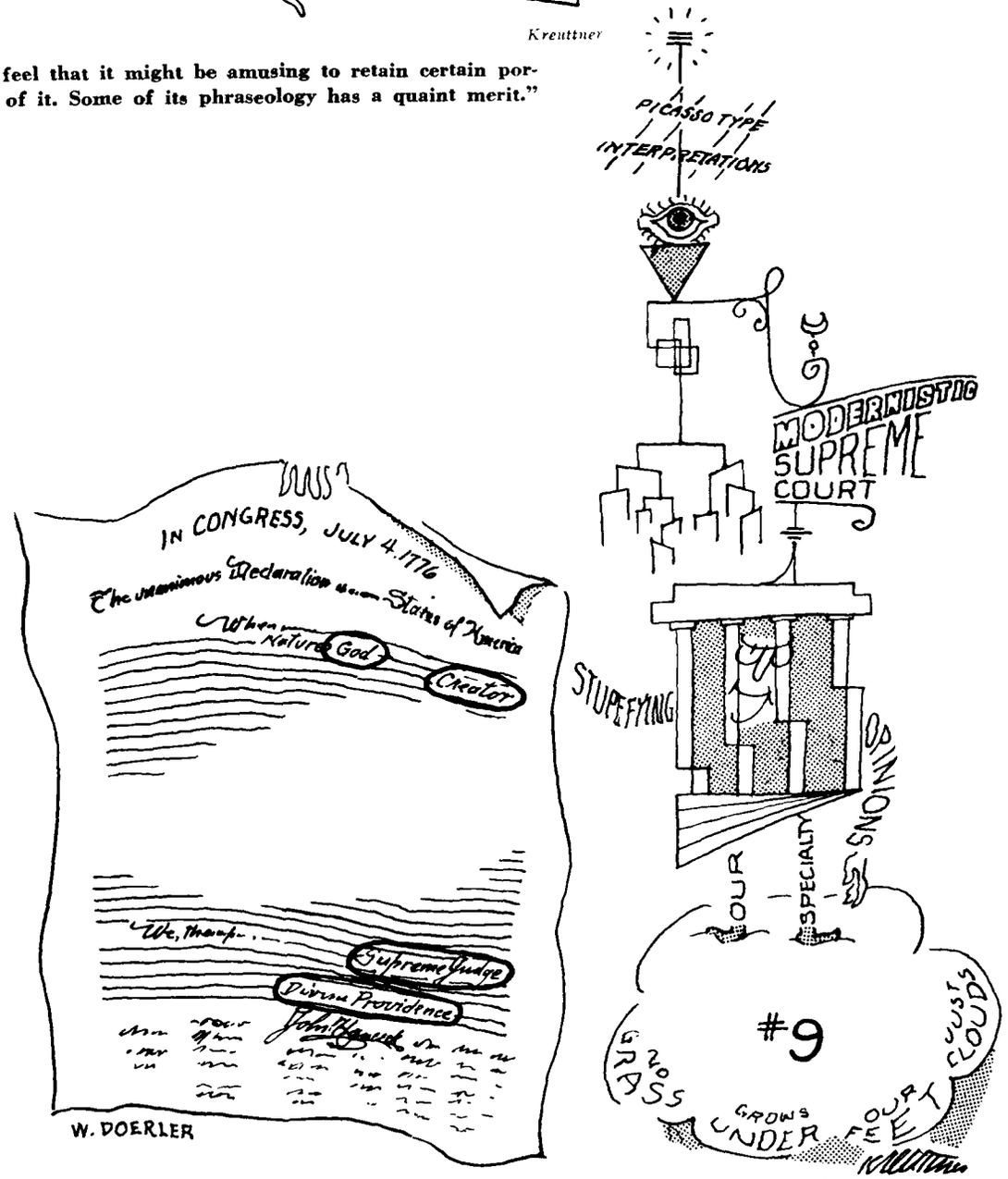
Reprints of this Kreuttner Festival are available at 25¢ each, 100 for $20.00. Write direct to Dept. R, National Review, 150 East 35 Street, New York 16, N.Y.


PROFESSOR GUNNAR TWISTMAUL
CONSULTANT IN CONSTITUTIONAL SEMANTICS
ADVISOR TO THE CHIEF JUSTICE
VERBAL SHELL GAMES
CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Kreuttner

"We feel that it might be amusing to retain certain portions of it. Some of its phraseology has a quaint merit."



"Now here's a horrible example of how far astray an Emerging Nation can go without the enlightened influence of a cowed Bar Association, an awed press, a servile Congress and a gullible public!"

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From WASHINGTON Straight

Where's Otto?

► One of the few people genuinely missed by the Republican Platform Committee last week was Otto Otepka. Otepka was dismissed more than a year ago from his top security post at the State Department for informing the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee of lax security procedures at State. He has been kept on the payroll, however, to prevent him from telling his story to the public. Ostensibly, State has been reviewing his request for reinstatement these past twelve months.

The Civil Service Commission denied Otepka's request for permission to testify at San Francisco, informing him that he would do so "at his own risk and [that he] must assume responsibility for his actions weighed in the light of future events." Otepka translated this from the bureaucratese, and elected to keep his last hope of a job alive.

Baker Business

► The Bobby Baker case will not down. Five House Republicans—Anderson (Ill.), Cramer (Fla.), Derounian (N.Y.), Dole (Kan.) and Lipscomb (Calif.) — marked themselves for special attention this fall by announcing the formation of an ad hoc committee to complete the investigation into the former Majority Secretary's activities.

Rep. Robert Dole, spokesman for the group, indicated last week that the hearings may begin with Don Reynolds, the Maryland insurance man who sparked the Senate Rules Committee hearings. Reynolds told the Committee that aides of Lyndon Johnson, who was at the time Senate Majority Leader, had "suggested" that he, Reynolds 1) kick back $1,200 from his commission on the sale of a $200,000 life insurance policy to LBJ and 2) ingratiate himself further by presenting the Johnson family with an expensive stereo set. Reynolds had acted on both of the suggestions.

Reynolds' testimony is certain to lead to long-time Johnson aide Walter Jenkins, whom the Rules Committee refused to call. Also likely to be called is Internal Revenue Service General Counsel Sheldon S. Cohen, a former partner in the law firm of Arnold, Fortas and Porter. Fortas was Baker's attorney in brighter days, and is now an adviser to LBJ. To date, the IRS has pressed its investigation of Baker's tax matters—among other irregularities, Baker forged his accountant's signature to a federal tax return—with something less than zeal. Mr. Dole and his friends may even take a look at that Austin, Texas TV station which enjoyed such spectacular success under the direction of the wife of the Senate Majority Leader.

Defense Managing

► This column noted in the past the contribution of freshman Senator Edward Kennedy to his constituents —the Electronics Research Center in Boston. To this we can now add the award by the Defense Department of a rich guidance system contract to A.C. Spark Plug in Wisconsin and the launching of the Manned Space Center in the middle of the Texas range. These awards, and countless others like them, have one thing in common: they defy the logic and economics of competitive bidding.

In the Boston case, the contract winners immediately advertised in New York for technical personnel. The Wisconsin contract was originally awarded to Arma Corporation in New York, then cancelled overnight. In the Texas case, materials, personnel, administrators—everything—had to be imported from all over the country.

Meanwhile, on Long Island, engineers and highly-trained technical personnel are being laid off at Republic, Sperry and Arma. Advertisements appear almost daily in New York newspapers, trumpeting bright new opportunities in the defense industries of Texas, Massachusetts, California. Long Island has a serious disqualification, not immediately visible: most of its defense industry personnel is clustered in its 4th Congressional District, which went Republican in 1962.

Captive Nations

► For the first time in several years, Captive Nations Week became an effective expression of anti-Communist purpose. The rally in San Francisco, which corresponded with the Republican National Convention, was anticipated across the continent by the unveiling here of the statue of Ukrainian poet Taras Shevchenko and across the Atlantic Ocean by the tumultuous reception accorded Attorney General Robert Kennedy in Poland. Former President Eisenhower highlighted the ceremony here, then joined with other Republican leaders in San Francisco in a demonstration of American resolve to work for the liberation of the captive peoples, both within and without the Soviet Union itself. Sen. Barry Goldwater, Gov. William Scranton, Rep. William Miller and many prominent Republicans urged an intensification of anti-Communist efforts. Especially effective in the Republican Salute at the fashionable Mark Hopkins Hotel was George Mardikian, whose fatherland, Armenia, has been swallowed by the Soviets.

Rep. Edward Derwinski (R., Ill.), head of the Republican Party's Nationalities Division, consolidated congressional support for the cause of freedom in Eastern Europe. He reminded his colleagues that the Poles, especially, have endured many tragedies, "the greatest tragedy of all being their betrayal by President Roosevelt at the Yalta Conference."

—CATO

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Should College Trustees Enjoy Free Speech?

Most commencement addresses are exceedingly dull. But last month Mr. Charles Luckman, chairman of the board of trustees of the California state colleges, succeeded — by his commencement speech at San Diego State College — in rousing lively discussion.

Kirk

That college's faculty senate, indeed, held a special meeting to discuss what could be done about Mr. Luckman. Many members of the faculty were outraged at the chairman's address. He being their boss, and not *vice versa,* to their infinite regret these gentlemen and scholars found it impracticable to cast him into the outer darkness; they could but gnash their teeth.

What was Mr. Luckman's dread offense? Why, he had expressed opposition to Communism — and to Communist speakers on campuses. How shocking!

Mr. Luckman is president of Charles Luckman Associates, the great architectural firm, and former president of Pepsodent and of Lever Brothers. He, with the other trustees of the California state colleges and the chancellor of those eighteen institutions, is responsible for forming general policy for the one of the biggest higher-educational complexes in the land.

What did Mr. Luckman say? Why, such things as this: "There is indeed nothing to choose between Nazism and Communism, except that the latter is far more dangerous because of its seductive intellectual appeal. No teacher should hesitate to condemn both of these tyrannies. . . . Communist ideology is demonstrably false. Its economic theories have been disproved by history. Its practical applications have been characterized by the imposition of terror; by the complete disregard for human life and liberty; by the rejection of all the traditional moral and spiritual values which underlie Western Civilization."

He went on to describe the Communist program for doing mischief on American campuses, and he laid down two principles concerning the appearance of Communist speakers on the campus: first, no Communist who is a known lawbreaker should be permitted to speak on any campus; second, no Communist should be permitted to speak unless he is answered by a competent person.

How this enraged certain gentlemen and scholars at San Diego! For they had gloried in the appearance of Communist speakers on Californian campuses, as a triumph of the principles of free speech.

Wrong Ox Gored

The notion that freedom is a one-way street isn't confined to California, of course. At a Middlewestern private college, recently, an eminent professor gave a talk touching on the proper extent of academic freedom and the dangers of totalitarianism. Promptly, the local chapter of the American Association of University Professors — an organization professedly devoted to the cause of academic liberties—sent a formal letter of protest to the college's president, and informed their colleague that they disapproved of his remarks. He replied, I am happy to report, that he couldn't care less.

This curious lingering sympathy for Communists, even of the most ferocious variety, extends even to some faculty-people at Catholic colleges. When, some months ago, this writer spoke at a good Catholic university and mentioned that an American withdrawal from South Vietnam would mean a massacre of thousands of anti-Communists in Southeast Asia, two or three professors protested that they just couldn't believe that the Communists would be so rough. The public disembowelling of South Vietnam officials — and the slaughter of their families—by Communists who had taken Vietnamese towns had made no impression on these scholars. Surely, surely, Marxists are humanitarians, even if a trifle hasty!

The silliness and intolerance and intemperance of "no-enemies-to-the-Left" college teachers don't much alarm this writer; though they will make life unpleasant for many of their students and colleagues, they will not prevail.

Yet such ideologues can succeed in doing harm to the reputation of the colleges upon which they inflict themselves. I think, for instance, of how certain faculty-people and students in Los Angeles vehemently objected, some months ago, to an anti-collectivist speech by a prominent donor to the funds of private colleges. That gentleman ought not to be allowed to speak on the campus, the ideologues shrieked. I relished the comment of Dr. George C. S. Benson, president of Claremont Men's College, who said that he had always thought academic freedom applicable to the giver, as well as to the recipient, of benefactions.

Mr. Luckman said that we must seek victory in the Cold War. "Education has a vital role in assuring this freedom," he concluded. "In a democracy, the people as well as the leaders must possess the requisite knowledge and understanding. This means, of course, not merely knowledge of the Communist movement nor, indeed, merely knowledge of our own system of lawful freedom for all. The great overriding need of our perilous time, is for that breadth of knowledge and wisdom, which is obtainable only by men with free institutions. Individually, man must aspire to the knowledge that he can and must live in freedom and dignity—the final realization that life is not a daily dying, but a soaring and blinding gift, snatched from eternity."

Isn't is dreadful that Mr. Luckman was permitted to utter such reactionary sentiments? Surely there ought to be a law giving professors a monopoly of free speech—professors of the Left, that is.

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African Affairs

Will He, Won't He, Will He, Won't He . . . ?

ELSPETH HUXLEY

The appalling conundrum of what's to happen next in Southern Rhodesia seems to have everyone beat except perhaps Sir Alec, who thinks it'll work out all right if people behave like decent chaps, and Sir Edgar Whitehead, leader of the Opposition in Salisbury, S.R., who thinks that if he got back into office quickly he could, even at this exceedingly late hour, command a viable and stable multi-racial government and save his country from disaster. Otherwise, disaster threatens —civil war. That is, if Mr. Ian Smith, the Rhodesian Prime Minister, does what people think he means to do—declares his country independent and removes it from the Commonwealth.

Elspeth Huxley

Mr. Ian Smith, it will be remembered, has replaced Mr. Winston Field, former leader of the right-wing United Front, on this very issue. Winston Field wasn't prepared to take such a drastic step. Ian Smith was. Having failed to persuade the British Government to negotiate independence by agreement (as they negotiated it with the quasi-Communist Government of Zanzibar), Mr. Smith stands poised upon the brink with his white supporters overwhelmingly behind him in an angry determination to "go it alone."

Will he, won't he, will he, won't he, will he take the plunge? If he does, what will happen? Independence cannot legally be seized, it must be agreed between London and Salisbury. If, therefore, Mr. Smith makes his unilateral declaration, technically the government he sets up will be a revolutionary one, illegal. (So was Zanzibar's.) Britain would then be within her rights in sending troops to subdue it, but no one supposes that Britain would do any such thing. Nor does anyone suppose the Africans would take the coup lying down. They fear and detest Mr. Smith's government, not because it has harmed them but because they think it will. They believe that it will knock away the ladder provided in the constitution of 1961 to enable more and more of them to qualify as voters until, in a time put at somewhere between ten and fifteen years, more blacks than whites will be on the voters' roll and the country will pass gradually to African control.

So trouble is inevitable if Mr. Smith does take the plunge—riots, sabotage, violence; a prize rumpus in the United Nations — boycotts, sanctions, expulsions; maybe worse to come. In the wings stands Dr. Verwoerd's militarily powerful Republic of South Africa, aligned of course in sympathy with Mr. Smith's whites but believed to have counseled him against taking the plunge. The very last thing wanted by South Africa is another Mau Mau just across her northern borders. On the fence sits Sir Roy Welensky, the outstanding political personality in Central Africa, still mourning for his broken Federation and refusing, openly at any rate, to give a lead either way. On the platform stands Sir Edgar Whitehead, former "moderate" Prime Minister, campaigning with all his might against a unilateral declaration and pledging himself with two thousand mainly white supporters to force his way into jail by refusing to recognize a revolutionary government.

Things can't go on much longer as they are with confidence ebbing, trade stagnating, nationalists quarreling and everyone waiting to see which way the cat will jump. To add confusion to the scene the Africans, outnumbering the whites by twelve to one, are now split into three opposing factions, all at loggerheads.

Hitherto the British Government has been supine and feeble. That the British should be getting tired of being kicked around and (literally) shot at everywhere from Aden to Borneo and Zanzibar to Cyprus is understandable enough. The larger the sums in cash they hand over to newly independent Afro-Asian states, the more abuse they seem to attract. Nevertheless Southern Rhodesia, although self-governing, remains in the last resort a British responsibility, and if Rhodesians fail to settle their own affairs then a decision of some sort, although bound to infuriate everyone, must be vouchsafed.

Sir Edgar wants a package deal: put independence into cold storage for a couple of years, guarantee Southern Rhodesia against "outstanding interference" and, pending a new constitution, finance a massive program of education and social advance to buy off the Africans. This, he thinks, would be rejected by the present Rhodesian Government. The way would then lie open for a general election in which Sir Edgar thinks he'd have a sporting chance, with African participation, of getting returned. Then heigh-ho for a multi-racial government, phased political advance, economic recovery and eventual agreed independence under a nationally based and racially harmonious government. If this seems, to say the least, utopian, at least it's a positive suggestion to point a way out of the impasse.

But, in less than four months, Britain goes to the polls. So any policy the British Government proclaims towards Southern Rhodesia, or anywhere else, isn't worth the paper it's written on unless it's endorsed by Mr. Harold Wilson and his Labor shadow cabinet. To get two rival parties to pledge agreement in advance on a controversial topic just when things are hotting up before a general election would indeed be a miracle. It's unlikely to occur. Will the last hope of peace and stability in this hitherto prosperous, well-ordered chunk of central Africa be broken on an accident of timing in British politics? Possibly. Such things have happened before.

Farther north, things aren't very reassuring either: a heaving, war-

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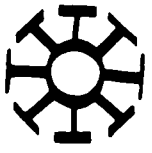

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torn Congo; a Malawi (formerly Nyasaland) independent but chronically broke and under schizophrenic leaders; in Tanganyika, an upsurge of virulent anti-white propaganda following on President Nyerere's failure to make good his take-over bid for Zanzibar. Peking provides resourceful rivals, as he is learning fast. With a $25 million interest-free loan as a sweetener, they are digging in speedily in Zanzibar; the Russians have unloaded arms there and the East Germans signed a contract to pull down the worst of the slums and rehouse African families. A fine old row developed over diplomatic status, with the Government of Tansan (the new Tanganyika/Zanzibar set-up) in Dar es Salaam ordering the Chinese, Russians and East Germans to downgrade their Embassies into Consulates.

Federation in Eastern Africa — another conundrum. Will they, won't they, will they, won't they, will they federate? The first fine hopes that followed independence have faded like the colors of those tropical fish which decorate the balmy waters of the Indian Ocean, when a sportsman hauls them in. Tanganyika's President Nyerere and Kenya's Prime Minister Kenyatta remain ardent protagonists. Both their ruling parties, TANU and KANU, support federation, if very few members grasp the practical difficulties of a union that has hung fire for forty years.

The snag is Uganda. Ever since the start of the idea, Uganda has opposed tooth and nail a political federation with her neighbors. Now, Prime Minister Milton Obote's reason is said to be a fear of Communist penetration. If federation comes, the first president must be Jomo Kenyatta. Into his shoes as Kenya's Prime Minister would step Oginga Odinga, an ebullient leader closely *en rapport* with Peking. A Zanzibar-Nairobi axis could threaten the positions of Obote and Nyerere; so revolve wheels within wheels. Whatever the reason, Obote has most of his people behind him in his resolve to keep right out of federation. Now it's been suggested that Kenya, Zanzibar and Tanganyika should federate on their own and leave Uganda outside. Perhaps. It doesn't look far between the saddle and the ground but the distance is great enough to harbor not mercy only, but mistrust, ambition and jealousy as well.

DOS PASSOS

(Continued from p. 640)

two sons introduce him. He explains why his stake is in the young people. He and his wife have raised a family. They've seen their children grow up. To a certain extent they have grown up with them. He speaks reminiscently of the old days when they all went fishing and hunting together, camping out, looking up out of their sleeping bags through the pine-branches at the stars and talking in whispers about God and man.

For the new generations he must help undo the mistakes of the old. The young understand what he means when he says that constitutional government was designed to protect the freedoms given us by God. Strength, Liberty, God. These are the words that bring cheers bursting from their throats till the white Masonic hall seems to swell with the roar. After all, he points out, the United States is still a very young nation.

Under the vast concrete shell of the Cow Palace, way out among the tawny hills of Daly City the stage managers are arranging the scenery and props for the final struggle. The place is so full of TV sets it is hard to tell where real life ends and where the flickering screen begins. Instead of listening to the real speaker you step into the corridor to see his simulacrum on the screen. The need to present the show before a world audience controls the timetable. A pyramid of TV apparatus dominates the hall. Great cables twine everywhere like lianas in a tropical forest. In the upper galleries you can see dim transparencies behind which groups of commentators sift and rearrange events as they occur. There the struggle, for a while at least, will be resolved. On the one side are the politicians and opinion makers who have had their say ever since the military victories of the Second World War were turned into a defeat of so many things America stands for. Behind them at a certain distance are the marching mobs of the frustrated who have never been told that the means through which abuses are remedied are as important as the remedies themselves. Behind Goldwater are the new groupings, people who look to the American tradition as the source of victories for individual opportunity. It is the mightiest conflict in a generation.

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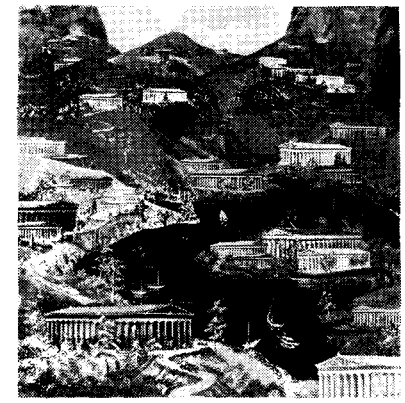
It's the accident of what men possessing what talents arrive on earth, in what quantities and at what times, that usually decides which art works are considered "great," and not the qualities in the art works themselves. A sudden surge of "Type A" men, all possessing a special skill in creating (or in understanding) Type A art, will soon reduce that type of art to mediocrity no matter how superior it had previously been considered.



Where else, for example, would you find a candid (and obviously true) statement such as that expressed in the famous Stork Cartoon? Where else would you find it even hinted that if the Parthenon were scattered broadside over the landscape it might no longer be hailed as an "immortal masterpiece" and actually become a bore? Practical considerations such as these are rigorously ignored by the orthodox art critic because, once they are taken into account, his authority to deliver positive and eternal verdicts is completely destroyed.

Conjecturism avoids this mistake simply by refusing to be positive. It accepts (rather than conceals) what are indubitable facts and then makes the best conjectures it can *under the circumstances*. It's the tough-minded, rational method rather than the flashy "mystic" method. It brings art up-to-date much as evolution brought Biology up-to-date—namely by abandoning the rigid certitude and turning towards the experienced but temporary Conjecture. In the moment that man attempts the eternal verdict in art, he defeats his own purpose as certainly as would the meteorologist who ventured beyond the immediate probabilities in his forecasting of the weather. It just can't be done without stepping openly into Clairvoyance and Mumbo-Jumbo.

Conjecturism

is the modern approach to art

Although the two pamphlets are valuable in themselves — although they very clearly demonstrate how and why Conjecturism is superseding Positivism (or Wise-Guyism) both here and abroad—they can only serve as introductions to so far-reaching a subject. For further reading we suggest (on the same free trial terms) the two conjecturist books mentioned below.

• Read What the Authorities Say •

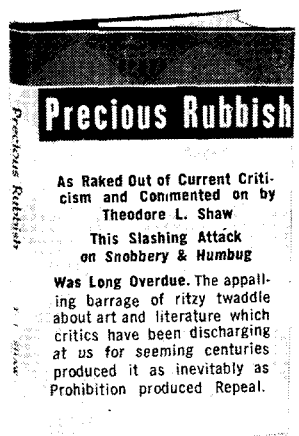
Within five minutes after receiving PRECIOUS RUBBISH I had decided it was just the thing for my aesthetics course.—Scott E. Crom, Asst. Prof. of Philosophy, Beloit College.

PRECIOUS RUBBISH, which I promptly read, seems worth passing around. Please send me 30 copies. John Wilcox, Prof. and Grad. Adviser, Wayne Univ.

What wonderful fun. I've been carrying it around with me everywhere, and making people read its wonderful cento of quotes. It's a lulu. Conrad Aiken.

Expresses to a "T" my every thought. I think it's great. Nicola Ziroli, Artist in Res., Univ. of Ill.

I loved it — gave three critics one copy each—they loved it. "Lost is he who hath no humor." Dr. Wm. K. Keller, Prof. of Psychiatry, Univ. of Louisville.

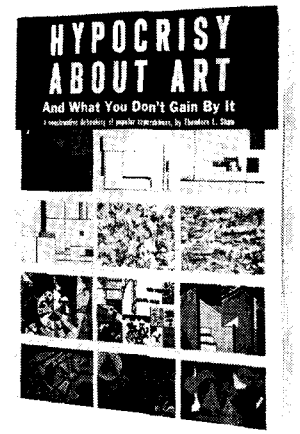

Precious Rubbish
Precious Rubbish
As Raked Out of Current Criticism and Commented on by Theodore L. Shaw
This Slashing Attack on Snobbery & Humbug
Was Long Overdue. The appalling barrage of ritzy twaddle about art and literature which critics have been discharging at us for seeming centuries produced it as inevitably as Prohibition produced Repeal.

Shaw, in HYPOCRISY ABOUT ART, has taken off the lid and exposed the aesthetic and critical overalls in the stew of beauty. Painter, art gallery director, and aesthetician for many years, Shaw has shown many opinions and their underlying presuppositions to lie in a Limpopo greasiness.

At the heart of Shaw's theory of aesthetic judgment is his Theory of Boredom. Here he gives us a positive boost in "Estimating Speeds of Tiring." To the literary gems he analyzes in Yojimbo fashion, he adds his own alternatives to such "immortal" paintings as the Lascaux Cave Paintings, Vermeer's "Artist in His Studio," and Seurat's "La Grande Jatte." His chapter entitled "The Metropolitan Museum Lays an Egg" is far too delicious to miss.

A warning to aestheticians is that they may not like everything they read in Shaw, but certainly there is much to appeal to any catholic taste. After the initial shock and its ensuing brie hysteria, further perusal and thought will lead the reader rudely on to an awakening not unlike the experience of *satori*. This was a long overdue cleaning of the fat, self-congratulatory, aesthetic stables.

Prof. Dale Riepe, C. W. Post College.



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A Word for the Wild Man

HUGH KENNER

Leslie Fiedler, suggests his publisher, "can no longer be called 'the wild man of American literary criticism,'" but no alternative is suggested. Steeped to the follicles all their working hours in a semantic aether devoid of sticks and stones where only names can hurt you, publishers are understandably sensitive about such tags, but Mr. Fiedler presumably isn't. And his conscience remains unclouded by major sins. He has never hallooed in the wilderness nor painted his torso blue, he continues not to be plugged in to the power centers of the litcrit establishment, and if this be wildness he makes the most of it. Disdaining the tangle of extension cords and three-way sockets that imperils ankles all across the continent and grows especially dense in the Columbia-Partisan-New York Review area, he starts bonfires when he chooses by rubbing two novelists together, and barbecues for us, to chants of his own devising, not nightingales nor fillets of white whale, but whole halves and quarters of hitherto uncatalogued beasts: the Jew as Imaginary Negro, for instance, or the Beat as Pedagogue's Ectoplasm.

He is, in short, a free man, despite the possibility that some of his best friends are Trillings; this is not forgiven him by the edgy moralists with whom he shares so many premises. Neither was it forgiven Wyndham Lewis, who had different premises but a comparable freedom from partisanship, and who invented the genre of which Fiedler is the best living practitioner: a lesser satire, or greater journalism, which uses literary works as data and devotes itself to the exposure of unexpected patterns and linkages beneath the slogans of the present moment.

Waiting for the End, by Leslie A. Fiedler. Stein & Day, $5.95

Lewis, of course, was The Enemy, not The Wild Man. He worked *outside* any organized context of literary discussion (there was none), mobilizing a formidable apparatus of homemade abstractions and apotheosizing for derision an Establishment that thought books undiscussible, but pretended to worship authors. Fiedler, in a time and a country where books are the only things intellectuals talk about, but personalities are not publicly gone into, must subvert a going convention.

Thus in the midst of some vigorous chat on Where We Are Today (which he can fake as well as anyone, the moment Mr. Trilling has hummed a few bars), he will suddenly note that the literary imagination grows semitized (abrupt silence); that even science fiction is "a largely Jewish product" (susurrus of drawn breaths); that "at dazzling speed, Huckleberry Finn becomes Augie March; Daisy Miller turns, via Natalie Wood, into Marjorie Morningstar; Eddie Fisher is drafted as the symbol of clean young American love, while Danny Kaye continues to play the blue-eyed jester; and finally we enter an age of strange conversions to Judaism (Marilyn Monroe, Elizabeth Taylor, Sammy Davis Jr.) and symbolic marriages. Eros himself turns, or seems to for a little while, Jewish, as the mythical erotic dream-girls of us all yearn for Jewish intellectuals and learn to make matzo-balls." (Martini-glasses fall to the floor.)

These are Things One Doesn't Say. Moreover he seems not to use filing cards, writing Robert Cohn (three times) as "Cohen," or putting down T.S. Eliot (M. A., 1910) as one who "never made it through Harvard." Scratch one Wild Man.

But he won't stay scratched; for he has at his fingertips the plot of a play the Establishment itself is acting, along with ten thousand writers and forty million readers. One can't abstain from mentioning "the Judaization of American culture" in the fifties and sixties because it is a phase of that play, the play that has been running since 1776 and has for subtitle "Who Are We?"

"At the moment that young Europeans everywhere (even, at last, in England) are becoming imaginary Americans, the American is becoming an imaginary Jew. But this is only one half of the total irony we confront; for, at the same moment, the Jew whom his Gentile fellow-citizen emulates may himself be in the process of becoming an imaginary Negro."

And why is the American becoming an imaginary Jew? That is the theme of two tough chapters on the Jewish-American novelist, a novelist whose "Jewishness is currently taken as a patent of his Americanism," and who is "beneficiary of a belief that in their very alienation the Jews were always mythically twentieth-century Americans—long before the twentieth century and even, perhaps, before America itself had been reached."

And this explains the appeal of *Death of a Salesman*, whose hero, Mr. Fiedler notes, is "in habit, speech, and condition of life typically Jewish-American, but . . . presented as something else—general-American. . . ." There is no other meaningful way to discuss such a play (what can you do with celebrated sub-literature except diagnose its celebrity?) but this way has, until now, been barred.

The gratitude anyone who discusses literature must feel toward Mr. Fiedler has not been earned by nerve. George Lincoln Rockwell, for that matter, might have issued an off-hand description of Willy Loman as "typically Jewish-American" and en-

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lightened no one. Mr. Fiedler has made the description meaningful by equipping it with a context. That is what his mythologizing method supplies—contexts. *Waiting for the End* is an anthology of contexts (it is certainly not a book about "Jewishness": I have taken a convenient instance from two chapters out of fifteen). They are contexts to be *used*, by other critics, and one hopes, by Mr. Fiedler himself on other occasions. As a critic myself, I read it with an avid eye. Read with other eyes, it becomes a brilliant montage of half-truths. A history of stage conditions is also a montage of half-truths, vulnerable to any complaint that in concerning himself with the trap-doors and seating arrangements its author hasn't fully measured the genius of Shakespeare. Yet our grip on Shakespeare's genius is less than absolute until we can decide whether his audience came expecting, as Professor Hotson thinks, to surround the action, or, as the Encyclopaedia Britannica thinks, merely to stand in front of it. And our grasp on Twain's or Melville's genius is imperfect so long as we refuse to ask ourselves what expectations they thought they were satisfying, and what expectations their readers have indeed, generation after generation, brought to them.

What people expect of literature—that is half of Mr. Fiedler's subject; specifically, what Americans have been expecting of literature, various kinds of literature, generation by generation and lately decade by decade (things shift faster now). The other half is how literature has been shaped by what was expected of it.

From these two themes one might weave a history of the American psyche; for the whole of American history—let alone its literary history—comes *after* Western Civilization had become book-centered. Instead of Shakespeare, who wasn't "writing a book," though a book preserves what he wrote, we have Melville, whose analogy for *Moby Dick* was the Bible clutched by the disembarked Puritan. All that the thorough book-man knows must go into sixty cubic inches of wood-pulp: if it won't it is not transmissible. So a Melville, a Whitman, a Pound compile Sacred Books, very sure of why this activity matters.

Yet these single heroic acts are part of a process, the process of which best-sellers are also a part. The books of a people always preoccupied with books (even preoccupied with the stance of desiring them), all their books, their merest books, are "scriptures of an underground religion," to be read, like Scripture, not only literally but anagogically and allegorically.

Such a proposition horrifies the Establishment, which is genteel. Gentility knows the *use* of everything, especially of the string that secures its hat. The Establishment constantly harps on the use of literature, which is to make us know our bleak selves, and whatever book has not this use (most have not) is an act of presumption.

For Mr. Fiedler, on the other hand, self-knowledge comes not out of a deathly embrace with some book, but through an understanding of history; and whoever does not understand how much of history is a history of expectations does not know what a book is. The present expectation is of an apocalypse: an end: an end of literature, of literacy, of the world. Mr. Fiedler is having none

Books Abroad

● THE CLASSICS: Penguin are to publish a new translation of Catullus which has the merit of making the Latin poet seem human, as well as indicating why he is still with us poetically. The translator is 39-year old English poet Peter Whigham, a former schoolteacher who is now translating Tibullus. NATIONAL REVIEW readers have already had a preview of his Catullus —see NATIONAL REVIEW (5/20/61).

● NEW MERMAIDS: The old Mermaid series was for many readers a convenient door into the wonderful world of Elizabethan and Jacobean drama. Started 75 years ago, the series was originally edited by Havelock Ellis and published by Henry Vizetelly, who later went to prison for publishing translations of Zola. With many of the texts and notes now unsatisfactory, Ernest Benn Ltd. of London has started a New Mermaid series with Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* and *The City-Madam* (6/- each). These are to be followed by Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, Middleton's *The Changeling* and Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, and a further dozen titles next spring. American rights have been acquired by Hill and Wang Inc.

● SUMMA THEOLOGICA: Theologians from all over the English-speaking world—England, the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, etc.—are contributing to the sixty-volume bilingual edition of the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas Aquinas, the first volumes of which have just been published by the English Dominicans in conjunction with Eyre & Spottiswoode in London and McGraw-Hill in the U.S. In charge of the project is Father Thomas Gilby of Blackfriars.

● BREVIORA: Constantine Fitzgibbon is working on a biography of Dylan Thomas which, it is hoped, will put the picture into some sort of reasonable focus. . . . Two recent additions to the ever-increasing library on T. S. Eliot are: *Approach to the Purpose*, by Genesius Jones (52/6d, Hodder & Stoughton, London) and *T. S. Eliot: Aesthetics & History*, by Lewis Freed ($4.50, Open Court, Illinois). . . . For those who want to sample recent conservative writing in England: *The New Morality*, by Arnold Lunn and Garth Lean (Blandford, London: 12/6d); *The Alternatives*, by Colm Brogan; *Freedom and the Politicians*, by Anthony Lejeune; *Your Money and Your Life*, by T. E. Utley, *The Welfare State*, by Peter Goldman; and *In the Shadow of the Sword*, by Phillip Goodhart (10/6d each from Michael Joseph, London).

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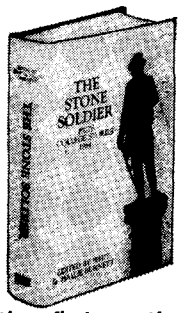

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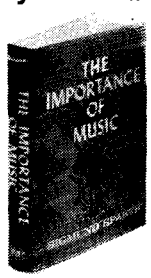

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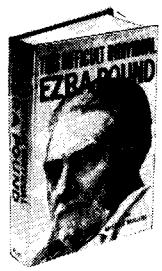

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of that. He expects that our writers will learn "to bear the indignities of success, as they have borne those of failure; and out of these too, with luck and skill, they will make the stuff of art." This is perhaps a glimpse past James Baldwin and *Dr. Strangelove*, and a way of freeing Mr. Fiedler's readers from the apoplectic urgency (preached by well-rewarded men) that makes understanding of anything so difficult. This Wild Man has a liberating way of using his freedom.

A Man Who Stands Tall

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

WHETHER HE WINS OR LOSES his next battle, no serious student of the political scene can any longer deny that Barry Goldwater is today a towering figure in American politics. Now recognized around the world as a formidable challenger of the mighty Liberal Establishment, he no longer invites attention—he commands it.

Barry Goldwater, Portrait of an Arizonan, by Edwin McDowell. Regnery, $4.95

Which came first: the chicken or the egg?—Goldwater, or the conservative upsurge that he symbolizes and bestrides? Such speculations are usually futile. "No one can succeed me," Napoleon observed shrewdly; "*I could not succeed myself.*" Men do not simply shape events; neither do events merely manufacture men. They grow, complexly, out of each other. Barry Goldwater would be the first to admit that he is a product of the powerful sweep of conservative sentiment in America. But candid conservatives can only acknowledge, in turn, that their doctrines would seem dry and fleshless without the human and irresistible good nature of this handsome, smiling Arizonan who has made their cause his own.

AT THIS PREGNANT moment in the history of the man and the cause, a new biography of Senator Goldwater presents, in the vivid colors of his native Southwest, the story of his life and a concise summary of his views on major topics. The first half of Edwin McDowell's *Barry Goldwater, Portrait of an Arizonan* is a narrative history of the Goldwater family, with particular emphasis on the man who was to become a United States Senator. The last six chapters range with intelligence and candor over his opinions on just about every subject under the sun.

McDowell—a transplanted Easterner who now writes editorials and feature articles for the *Arizona Republic*—clearly enjoyed composing the early chapters of his book, and it is easy to see why. We are plunged briskly into the early history of America's great Southwest, before even the Territories were organized: back into the wild and woolly 1860s, when Cochise, chief of the Chiricahua Apache, was still on the warpath, and Mike Goldwater was peddling notions from a spring wagon with a four-mule team in what was to become the Territory of Arizona. We follow the prospering fortunes of the family, as Mike's son Morris built the Goldwater store in Prescott into a solid business success and served as Mayor of the town for 22 years. Slowly we come to realize that the Goldwaters are no newcomers to the Southwest; that, on the contrary, by 1909 (when Barry Goldwater was born to Morris' younger brother Baron and Josephine Williams) they were, as they remain today, one of the First Families of the region.

One longs to know still more about these Goldwaters; they are quite a Renaissance clan. (The Senator's mother, who smoked in public long before it was ladylike, took up golf in her late thirties and soon won the Arizona Women's Amateur Championship.) But it is Barry himself who has blazed the most spectacular trails. Licensed pilot and Air Force major general, ham radio operator and associate member of the Royal Photographic Society (he has published two volumes of "Arizona Portraits"), and no mean hand at the saxophone, clarinet and mandolin, he began his public career by running for the City Council of Phoenix in 1947. "Don't cuss me too much," he

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wrote his younger brother, Bob. "It ain't for life and it may be fun." But as matters turned out it *was* for life —a life of public office, innumerable speeches and sharp controversy, which brought him by mid-1964 to the threshold of the White House.

The story of Barry Goldwater is not over; indeed, it may hardly have begun. This is no time for final assessments, and Mr. McDowell wisely essays none. His is a friendly, fair, anecdote-rich account of the man in his Arizona setting (where, they tell me, even the Democrats these days ruefully call Phoenix "Ciudad Goldwater"). But it is not too early, even now, to glimpse the outlines of the shadow he will one day cast, whatever befalls in the years ahead.

The picture is of a man at home under the big skies and limitless vistas of the Southwest; friendly, as men tend to be where their fellowmen are few and far between; taught from childhood to honor the frontier virtues of independence, loyalty and grit. Subtlety, sophistication — the identifying characteristics of older communities and more cosmopolitan cultures—he does not have, or at any rate seem to have. But people everywhere sense at once his friendly warmth, his inner peace, his rock-like integrity. And I predict that, when the days of storm and stress are past for him, even those who have fought him the most uncompromisingly will remember him, with affection and admiration, as a man who stood tall.

Earthbound Messiah

OTTO VON HABSBURG

ONE OF OUR EPOCH'S finest political brains, Felix Somary, stated in his book, *Crisis and the Future of Democracy,* that the better the means for the transmission of news, the more difficult it becomes to make truth known. Even a cursory glance at developments shows that this is so. In most countries the powerful news media such as radio and TV are controlled by the government. The same is true of news agencies; and, furthermore, these are frequently influenced by international organizations. The freedom of the press, more often than not, has become a façade hiding the reality of existing power-monopolies. Even in literature we have privileged establishments. Since in the West there is no official censorship, as in totalitarian dictatorships, people are seldom aware of the degree to which their thoughts are constantly being managed.

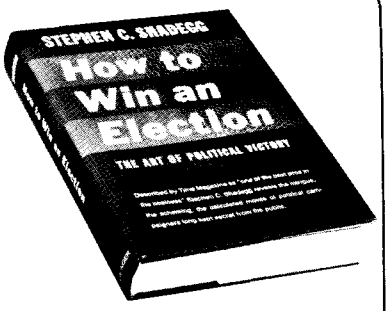
Verdict on Schweitzer, by Gerald McKnight. John Day, $4.95

All this leads to the creation of myths. Each establishment has its official villains and its certified saints. Some figures are above all criticism; others can never hope for a fair hearing. If somebody tries to break the spell, he is punished by silence or by massive invective. Objective debates are rarely possible under these conditions.

One of the most venerated persons of our time is unquestionably Dr. Albert Schweitzer. Few would dare to criticize him in public. Most books dealing with him are highly, often excessively, laudatory. He is the living symbol of humanitarianism, whose sole presence overshadows the work of thousands of missionaries, their sufferings, sacrifices and achievements.

In the light of this generalized state of mind, a recent publication by an English journalist, Gerald McKnight, comes as a real surprise.

His book is the result of painstaking studies and a personal visit to Lambaréné. McKnight tries to give a picture of Schweitzer, illuminating the multiple facets of this remarkable man: philosopher, musician, theologian, doctor. He obviously does not sympathize with what he sees, but nevertheless tries to substantiate his statements and to give a balanced view. He recognizes that Schweitzer is an exceptional person. Wherever his powerful mind is set



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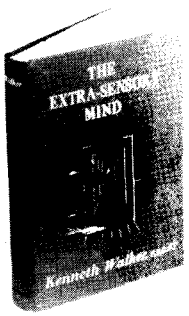

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to work, the achievements are impressive.

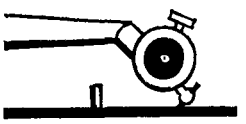
Studying the theology of Schweitzer, the author is led to question whether he is entitled to call himself a Christian; Jesus for him is only a remarkable Jew of the first century, who nevertheless made appalling mistakes and suffered for them. His philosophy is profoundly pessimistic, though leading to a vague messianism, akin, in a more humanitarian way, to Nietzsche's superman concept.

The Doctor's touted "reverence for life" is relevant here. His political activities, especially his "understanding" for the Communist powers (*e.g.*, his letter on East Germany) and his fight against nuclear weapons, justify the suspicion that for him life is identical with God—a modern form of pantheism. Once life is considered the supreme value and death evil *par excellence*, the slogan "Better Red than dead" is a logical consequence.

In Schweitzer's messianic views, McKnight finds at least indications that he considers himself a second Jesus Christ. Lambaréné hence is for him not so much a place of healing as a platform from which to preach his doctrine. This would explain the appalling hygienic conditions in the hospital, the old man's resistance to progress, and also the humiliating way in which he treats the colored people. Lambaréné seems to be for him the new Calvary, from which the Schweitzer gospel of humanity is announced. Only, while the Savior died on His cross, the messiah of our time is exalted by the Nobel prize.

It is very likely that *Verdict on Schweitzer* will be given the silent treatment. It is nevertheless significant. It shows that there are people left who have the courage to ask questions and to say the unpopular.

Records



The Duke

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

JAZZ IS THE PRODUCT of endless inspiration and bears the mark of many musicians. But when you get right down to it, there are only a handful who have left a deep and unique impression on this great and organic creation of the Afro-American psyche. It is easy to tick off the names of trumpet, clarinet, and piano players—pick your instrument—who have enriched the jazz experience. But if any one of them had never blown into horn or sat down to piano, jazz would be pretty much what it is today.

This, certainly, cannot be said of those who hauled and tugged jazz up the long incline from the Mississippi cotton fields and the whorehouses of New Orleans. There is not a jazz musician today who is not indebted to Louis Armstrong, to Chu Berry, to Jelly Roll Morton, to James P. Johnson—or to Edward Kennedy Ellington, otherwise known as the Duke. I could name others in this category—but this would mean little to the lay reader. Louis is known more in his vaudeville incarnation than as the innovator of a trumpet style which washed over the pianistic fingering of a Teddy Wilson—again to single out one where multitudes could be listed. Jimmy Johnson was always a jazzman's jazzman.

Duke Ellington carried the gospel to the heathen and won them over. He also pushed jazz to its contemporary limits without destroying its essential nature in the manner of the "cool" and the "modern" cult. Almost everything Ellington has composed—and I use that word advisedly; this is precisely how he built much of his music—is richly in the jazz *genre*. Yet his is a developing music. Experimental in its sonorities, in its instrumentation, in its palette, it was never revolutionary, faddish, or show-off. To a degree which highlights the genius of Duke Ellington, it was successful. His genius was not solely as single creator of jazz melody and harmony, however. There are men of great technical affluence—great soloists in the jazz sense—who when they draw themselves to their full height reach no higher than the middle button of Ellington's musical coat.

Ellington is unique among jazz leaders in many ways. But the most significant has been his ability to

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bring to his band men whose jazz *Geist* is in sympathy with his own. That sympathy may be dialectic but this, too, is desirable. Those who have seen Ellington at work know that he will frequently show up at rehearsal with a theme and little more. It is only when he has bounced this off against the brilliant sidemen who make up his band that it merges into a musical whole. Ellington's jazz "composition" is, therefore, a function of the men who play with him. When they are superlative, as in the middle-to-late thirties and early forties, then Ellington is superb. When the quality falls, Ellington may Svengali them well beyond their normal capabilities—but the difference can be heard.

IN JAZZ, the music's the thing to catch the substance of what swings. And Columbia has found more than enough great music to fill six LP sides for its album, *The Ellington Era, 1927-1940*. Other albums are promised, and there is still much to revive, but I wait most expectantly for the so-called small band sides he cut in 1936-38 for the short-lived Variety label. The era was not really Ellington's, although those of us who heard the pulse of his music in Harlem's old Apollo Theater—or wherever his managers sent him and we could follow—sometimes believed it was. But era or not, it was during that period that he brought together in his Famous Band sidemen who could weave as he spun.

There was Barney Bigard who had tamed his New Orleans clarinet, yet in diverting its passion to the lyric lost none of its distinctive beauty; and Cootie Williams, successor to Bubber Miley, whose use of the jungle-style muted trumpet was at once poundingly visceral and plaintively subtle. There was Johnny Hodges on alto sax, so polished that it was possible to overlook the inventive iron of his playing. Sonny Greer was a sly but unobtrusive drummer. And Rex Stewart's bouncing and slightly wry trumpet, Juan Tizol's velvet valve trombone, Tricky Sam Nanton's wa-wa slide trombone, Harry Carney's unbelievably agile baritone sax, Ivy Anderson's sadly ironic vocals.

For Barney and Cootie, Duke wrote the first of a series of capsule jazz concerti: *Clarinet Lament* and *Echoes of Harlem*. These are certainly worth

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the price of admission to the Columbia album (C3L 27). But a list of the titles, if you are well out of your salad days, is evocation enough: *The Mooch, Black & Tan Fantasy, Mood Indigo, It Don't Mean a Thing, Solitude, Caravan, Drop Me Off In Harlem, Boy Meets Horn, Subtle Lament, Crescendo & Diminuendo in Blue, The Sergeant Was Shy.* . . . Some are missing that I would have included: *Reminiscing In Tempo,* with Duke's piano introspective and just a trifle Debussyesque; *You Can Count On Me,* for Ivy's wonderful vocal, *Blue Light,* and others.

But the treasure trove is sufficient. There was only one other band during that period which could approach Ellington's. And this was led by another composer-arranger-pianist—Fletcher Henderson. He could never hold together the musicians who made his music exciting. But from time to time, in the studios of the less important record companies, Smack Henderson would bring together small bands which made up for their lack of continuity in the tremendous thrust of their playing. Chu Berry and Coleman Hawkins could be heard in these Henderson groups. Sometimes, it was simply a pick-up band—gathering together just for recording purposes. The musicians were black and white—and in those less self-conscious days we called them Kip Rhinelander bands. Today, the NAACP would probably frown on the designation. The musicians didn't mind. They played together for the love of the music—and no one thought to praise their "enlightenment." Frankly, they would have been embarrassed.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

GREEN MEDICINE, by Margaret B. Kreig (Rand McNally, $5.95). "If you wish to drink much at a banquet," wrote the Roman, Cato, "before dinner dip cabbage in vinegar and eat." Cato wrote some while ago, but it turns out that Dr. William Shive, an American Chemical Society award winner, is today using a common amino acid found in cabbage juice for the treatment of alcoholism—and with good results. It is one of many fascinating items in Margaret Kreig's book. The book is about *pharmacognosy,* the science of natural products, mainly plants, that heal. Field and laboratory discoveries are described, all in a journalistic style quite suitable to a reader unschooled in botany. Her approach may occasionally lead the author into careless error, as when she writes that members of the Native American Church "worship" the peyote cactus; still, one becomes terribly interested in the activities of pharmacognosists. Not all their plants are exotic. Compounds from daffodils, for example, may prove effective in treating multiple sclerosis; and buttercup juice stops the growth of strep, staph, pneumococci, and tuberculosis germs. One can hear oneself speaking of these things off-handedly at the next cocktail party.

G. M. PEPPER

SHAKESPEARE'S POLITICS, by Allan Bloom and Harry V. Jaffa (Basic, $5.00). The theme of these four essays on four plays is the clash of Aristotle with Machiaevelli which was precipitated by Christianity—the struggle, that is, of a classical politics of justice against an ordered rationale of injustice, which was made possible when Christians moved the center of justice from the *polis* in this world to an otherworldly City of God. Unfortunately, the authors do not live up to the high promise of their theme. As students of Leo Strauss (to whom the book is dedicated), they presumably know their Aristotle and Plato.

But they forget Aristotle's warnings about the argument from *eikos,* from interlocking likelihoods. (Is it *likely,* we are asked, that Lear should present the highest picture of man and his limits without analyzing, as well, the nature and limits of man's highest activity—the political—in its highest manifestation—monarchy? Or, for that matter, is it *likely* that Shakespeare, who knew so much about man, knew less about man's politics than, say, Professor Strauss?) This kind of argument occurs in Plato, but only to be demolished. The authors might do well to reread the *Ion.*

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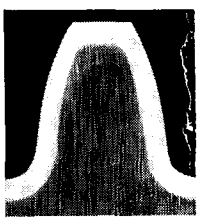

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"ONE OF THE MOST dangerous errors of our time is to believe that economic freedom and the society which is based upon it are hardly compatible with the moral standards of a strictly Christian attitude. This strange belief is responsible for the well-known fact, common to the Old as to the New World, that so large a part of the Protestant as well as of the Catholic clergy are leaning heavily towards the Socialist left. In view of the alarming consequences of this tendency which softens our resistance to Communism precisely at this most critical moment and which fills our society with vague moral uneasiness, it is of the utmost urgency to dispel the intellectual confusion which is at the bottom of it."

Professor Wilhelm Roepke
Graduate Institute of International Studies, Geneva (Dr. Roepke's teachings are credited by Chancellor Ludwig Erhard as principally responsible for guiding the postwar economic recovery of West Germany).

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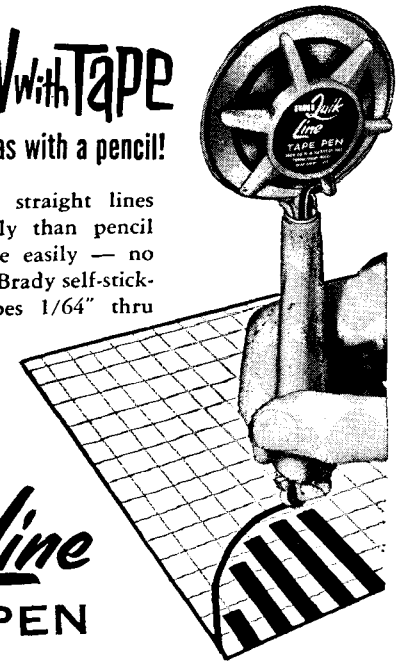

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 630)

That is the secrecy surrounding these tests. The schools rarely, and then only under pressure, admit giving them to the school children. Indeed, we have found that after asking school authorities if psychological tests are given in a school and receiving no for an answer, if we then ask our children they say yes.

Older students can be alerted to these tests and they can refuse to be psychoanalyzed, but for the younger children we have found it necessary to write letters to the schools stating that they are not to participate in any testing program other than those given for subject matter taught in the classroom from a textbook. (Albeit the textbooks need airing, too.)

Mr. Kirk's suggestion that "parents may well exercise their right to look into the tests administered to their children" sounds easy, but I wonder if Mr. Kirk has ever tried to see one of these tests, even after they have admittedly been given? This is so difficult as to be almost impossible.

Cazenovia, N.Y. JUNE BERGMAN

Happy Hour

I thought the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW might appreciate an amusing incident which took place on June 26 at the first of several White House Seminars being conducted in Washington for college students working for the government during the summer.

The main speaker, Presidential Assistant Jack Valenti, had been extolling the virtues of President Johnson, noting, among other things, how long and hard his boss worked. He then observed that, indeed, such dedication and application was a characteristic of *all* government employees, and he proceeded to attack the popular misconception of the "complacent bureaucrat," the "fat civil servant," feeding from the "public trough." Valenti concluded his remarks by reminding the students of their good fortune in having such an excellent opportunity to see the situation "as it really is." Within seconds the room was ringing with derisive laughter. It was then that Valenti made perhaps the only true statement of his entire talk. Said he, "Well, I guess I blew that one."

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Alexandria, Va.

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Burial place for your bright ideas (2 wds.)	5 49 36 88 63 23 95 98 104 108 127 / 158 162
B. Questionable greeting (4 wds.)	14 188 1 12 34 39 54 58 75 109
C. Two characters in "Comedy of Errors"	25 87 143 150 163 2 15 66 73 105
D. German Santa Claus (last name)	152 113 124 165 175 97 10
E. Leaders	161 18 22 38 40 43 46 65 74 122
F. How soup should be consumed	191 138 171 179 207 6 11 56
G. Easily found by beachcomber	48 70 173 203 17 20
H. Longshanks	61 21 71 90 186 190 206
I. Bind by ties	77 26 50 107 103 96
J. What baserunners sometimes are (in more ways than one)	85 116 151 208 57 89 52
K. Newts	102 33 110 141
L. "It is the shameful work of ——'s hand." ("King John," IV:3)	111 159 200 79 91 99
M. To urge on (or off, in the case of actors)	134 140 60
N. Title of a Moslem prince	139 131 154 168 19
O. Who said, "Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love"? ("As You Like It," IV:1)	146 68 153 170 178 86 132 118
P. It's wasted on the young	174 202 35 100 136
Q. What Sweet Peggy sat on, on a market day	204 189 41 47 67
R. ". . . though ——'s pride/And greatness of his place be grief to us." (2 "Henry VI," I:1)	37 128 197 24 76 64 84 121
S. A decree	44 147 155 27 129
T. Who said, "I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men"? (2 "Henry IV," I:2)	55 142 172 13 133 184 8 125
U. Misfortunes	94 182 80 166
V. An officer in the King's army, "Henry V"	119 101 176 196 117 4 164 62
W. Play which has "What You Will" for alternate title	126 93 112 120 180 135 144 69 3 83 / 149 156
X. Mrs. Shakespeare's maiden name	157 194 148 28 30 114 205 199
Y. Redskins' clubhouse meeting	192 72 123 130 115 137
Z. Volscian general, "Coriolanus"	198 181 183 9 29 51 16 92
AA. Very common weed with deeply lobed or dissected leaves	59 7 53 187 193 201 32
BB. An unsinkable ship that sank, 1912	106 81 160 42 31 145 195
CC. Requested one's attendance	177 82 78 185 169 167 45

See page 643 for solution of last issue's Trans-O-Gram.

	1 B	2 C	3 W	4 V	5 A	6 F		7 AA		8 T	9 Z	10 D	11 F	12 B		13 T
14 B	15 C	16 Z	17 G	18 E		19 N	20 G		21 H	22 E	23 A	24 R	25 C	26 I	27 S	28 X
29 Z		30 X	31BB	32AA		33 K	34 B	35 P	36 A	37 R	38 E		39 B	40 E	41 Q	
42BB	43 E	44 S		45CC	46 E	47 Q	48 G	49 A	50 I	51 Z	52 J	53AA		54 B	55 T	
56 F	57 J	58 B	59AA		60 M	61 H	62 V	63 A	64 R	65 E	66 C	67 Q		68 O	69 W	70 G
	71 H	72 Y	73 C	74 E	75 B		76 R	77 I	78CC	79 L		80 U	81BB	82CC	83 W	84 R
85 J	86 O	87 C	88 A		89 J	90 H	91 L	92 Z		93 W	94 U	95 A	96 I		97 D	98 A
99 L	100P	101V	102K		103I	104A	105C	106BB		107I	108A	109B	110K	111L	112W	113D
	114X	115Y	116J	117V	1180		119V	120W	121R		122E	123Y	124D	125T	126W	
127A	128R	129S		130Y	131N	1320	133T	134M	135W	136P		137Y	138F	139N	140M	141K
	142T		143C	144W	145BB	1460	147S		148X	149W	150C	151J	152D	1530		154N
155S	156W	157X	158A	159L	160BB		161E	162A	163C	164V	165D	166U	167CC		168N	169CC
	1700	171F	172T		173G	174P		175D	176V	177CC	1780	179F	180W	181Z	182U	
183Z	184T	185CC	186H		187AA	188B	189Q	190H	191F		192Y	193AA	194X	195BB	196V	
197R	198Z	199X		200L	201AA		202P	203G	204Q	205X	206H	207F	208J			

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out, it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black squares indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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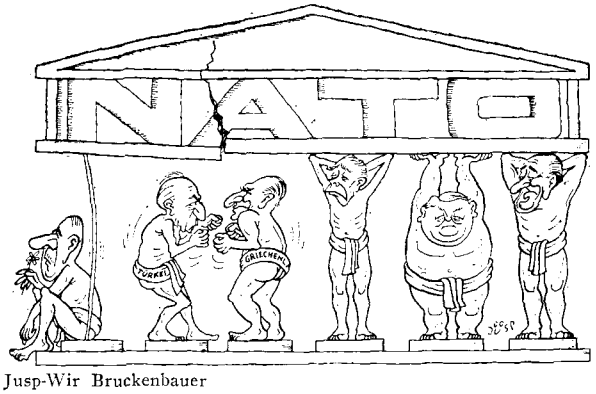
For The Record

By Tuesday, the oldest joke in town went like this: Delegate # 1: "What do you think of Scranton?" Delegate #2: "Can't say. Never been there." . . . Loneliest man in town: Senate Minority Whip Thomas Kuchel of California, sitting alone in the gallery, without a vote in his party's delegation. . . . But staging a strong political comeback was fellow Californian William Knowland, publisher of the Oakland Tribune. Knowland, Goldwater's campaign manager in California and head of the 86-man California delegation, exerted tremendous influence over convention, made his own scoops. . . . The verdict on George Romney's last-minute push for the Veepship (like verdict on his fellow Liberals) was too little, too late and who he?

Much publicized Human Rights march drew 20,000 by San Francisco estimates; 50,000 by New York and CORE estimates. . . . Prominent among marchers were Operation Abolition vets, Helsinki Class of '63 and Ban-the-Bomb alumni. . . . Hardliners grumbled that Lodge, Rocky, Scranton etc. refused to "give Goldwater the works." . . . James



Jusp-Wir Bruckenbauer

Cracks in the Wall

Farmer of CORE tried to make up for it. CORE, he said, would direct nationwide campaign of civil disobedience if GOP nominated BG.

Here, there, and everywhere, enthusiastic YAFers. They manned airport receptions (at reception for NR's editor WFB Jr. one placard read: "From Rusher with Love"), also sound trucks, hospitality suites, generated infectious enthusiasm for Goldwater — who returned the compliment. . . . They also sold hundreds of a six-pack fruit concoction called "Gold Water" or, more irreverently, "Kookie Kola." . . . Charles Percy, GOP gubernatorial candidate in Illinois, played his cards carefully, dividing his time between 15th floor (Goldwater) and 16th floor (Scranton) of Mark Hopkins laying groundwork for his expected push for the Big Prize next time round.

ABC, according to most counts, lost multi-million-dollar network sprint; will probably lobby harder for pooling of resources hereafter. . . . NBC's David Brinkley was his laconic best, off-screen and on. . . . David Susskind is already hinting through the video screen darkly of probable collusion between Goldwater and Wallace in the upcoming campaign. . . . Too bad, concluded Walter Cronkite and Eric Sevareid on Monday (as the convention opened) that there isn't more enthusiasm; the delegates didn't appear to them to be as happy or as spirited as at other conventions.

It was also a victory of organization against dis-. . . . Rockefeller staff men and aides mixed with Scranton big domes like oil and water. Commented one Rocky braintruster on the Harrisburg Hamlet P.L. (pre-letter): "No charisma." . . . Key to Goldwater miracle was anticipation. Goldwater headquarters maintained effective communication by regional command, electronic signal and scrambled walkie-talkie bands. Spontaneous demonstration was least spontaneous in years.

Ronald Reagan, MC for Youth for Goldwater blowout, explained why Democrats couldn't hold their convention at same time as GOP: because so many Dems were testifying before Republican platform committee.

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ANNOUNCING
A MORE PRECISE RAZOR-
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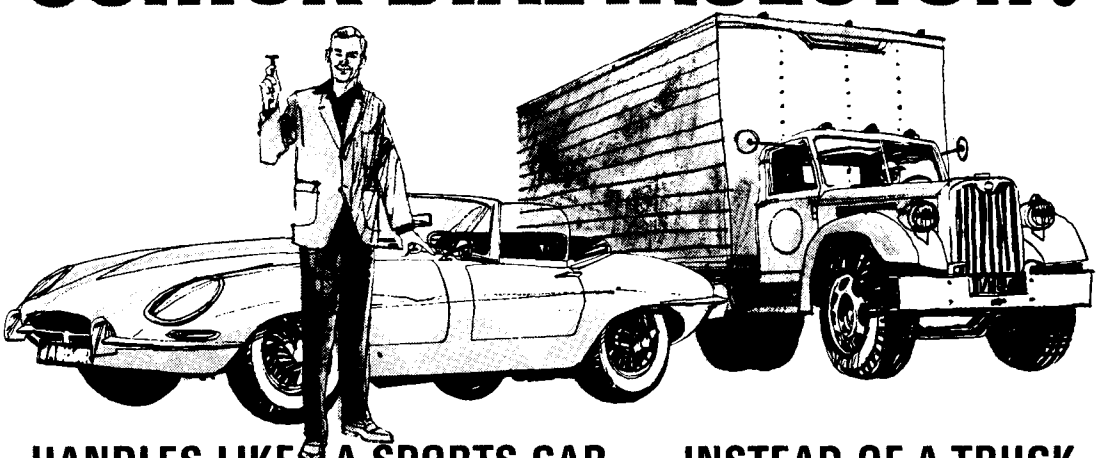
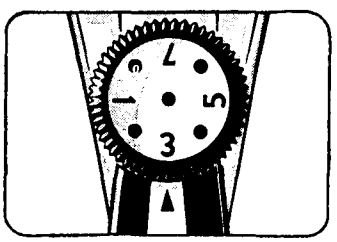
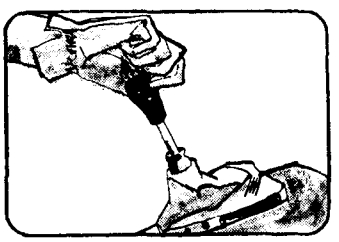


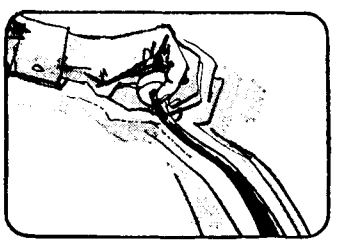
HANDLES LIKE A SPORTS CAR ...INSTEAD OF A TRUCK



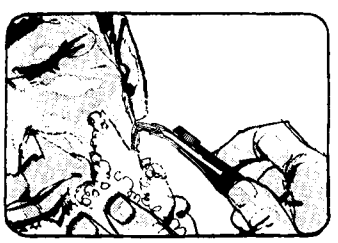
Precise "Comfort Control" Dial adjusts for skin and beard—shifts at a touch



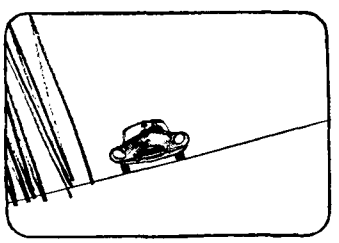
...like a sports car



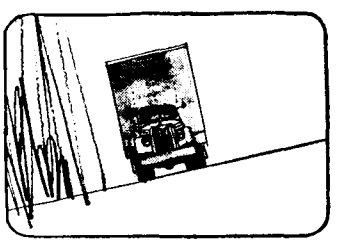
...instead of a truck.



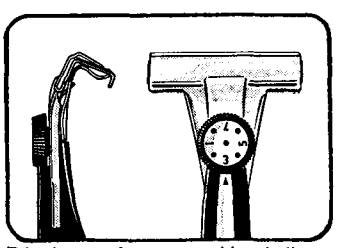
For a clean, close shave, Schick Injector head rides flat and low



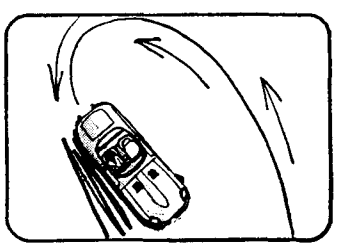
...like a sports car



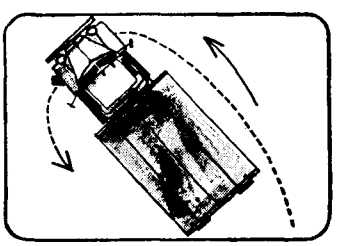
...instead of a truck.



Trim lean and maneuverable...built to get into hard-to-reach places

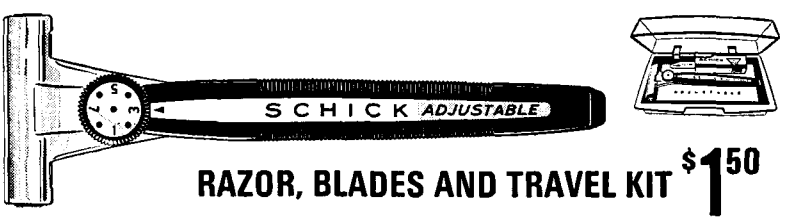


...like a sports car



...instead of a truck.

This is the sports car razor—another new product from the new-thinking folks at Schick Try it! You've nothing to lose but your beard!



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